

543. d. 19.

THE
REGICIDE:
OR,
JAMES the FIRST,
OF
SCOTLAND.
A
TRAGEDY.

By the Author of RODERICK RANDOM.

— Τὸν δ' ὕμνοποιόν, εὐπὲς ἀν' τέκτῃ μελῇ,
Χαιρόντα τέκτειν.— Eurip. IKETID.

Hunc—
*Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus filvarum, apturque bibendis
Fontibus aenidum—* JUVENAL.

L O N D O N:

Printed by SUBSCRIPTION, for the BENEFIT
of the A U T H O R.

M D C C X L I X.

(Price Five Shillings.)



P R E F A C E.

*W*HATEVER Reluctance I have to trouble the Publick, with a Detail of the Mortifications I have suffered, in my Attempts to bring the ensuing Performance on the Stage; I think it a Duty incumbent upon me, to declare my Reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary Manner; and if the Explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid Reader will charge my Impertinence upon those who drove me to the Necessity of making such an ineffectual Appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself, that a fair Representation of the Usage I have met with, will be as a Beacon, to caution other inexperienced Authors against the Insincerity of Managers, to which they might otherwise become egregious Dupes; and, after a cajoling Dream of good Fortune, wake in all the Aggravation of Disappointment.

Although I claim no Merit from having finished a Tragedy at the Age of Eighteen; I cannot help thinking myself intitled to some Share of Indulgence, for the Humility, Industry and Patience, I have exerted during a Period of ten Years, in which this unfortunate Production hath been exposed to the Censure of Criticks of all Degrees; and in consequence of their several Opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, Times without Number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my Friends, been at any Pains to deserve the Character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the Capacity of an Author, when I first professed myself of that venerable Fraternity, I should, in all Probability, have spared myself the incredible Labour and Chagrin I have since undergone: But, as early as the Year 1739, my Play was taken into the Protection of one of those little Fellows who are sometimes called great Men; and like other Orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with Resentment, which I mistook for Contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous Indifference, and actually discarded my Patron; consoling myself with the barren Praise of a few Associates, who, in the most indefatigable Manner, employed their Time and Influence, in collecting from all Quarters Observations on my Piece, which, in consequence of those Suggestions, put on a new Appearance almost every Day, until my Occasions called me out of the Kingdom.

P R E F A C E.

—Soon after my Return, I and my Production were introduced to a late Patentee, of courteous Memory, who (rest his Soul!) found Means to amuse me a whole Season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on 'till next Year; advising me to make my Application more early in the Winter, that we might have Time to concert such Alterations, as should be thought necessary for its successful Appearance on the Stage.—But I did not find my Account in following this wholesome Advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at Leisure. In short, after sundry Promises, and numberless Evasions, in the Course of which, he practised upon me the whole Art of Procrastination, I demanded his final Answer, with such Obstinacy and Warmth, that he could no longer resist my Importunity, and refused my Tragedy in plain Terms.—Not that he mentioned any material Objections to the Piece itself; but seemed to fear my Interest was not sufficient to support it in the Representation; affirming, that no dramatic Composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English Audience by its own Merit only; but must entirely depend upon a Faction raised in its Behalf.—Incensed at this unexpected Declaration, I reproached him bitterly, for having trifled with me so long; and, like my Brother Bayes, threaten'd to carry my Performance to the other House.

This was actually my Intention, when I was given to understand by a Friend, that a Nobleman of great Weight, had expressed an Inclination to peruse it; and that, as Interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his Desire with all Expedition. I committed it accordingly to the Care of my Counsellor, who undertook to give me a good Account of it in less than a Fortnight: But four Months elapsed before I heard any Tidings of my Play; and then it was retrieved by pure Accident (I believe) from the most dishonourable Apartment of his Lordship's House.

Enraged at the Behaviour of this supercilious Peer, and exceedingly mortified at the Miscarriage of all my Efforts, I wreaked my Resentment upon the innocent Cause of my Disgraces, and forthwith condemned it to Oblivion, where, in all Probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable Abortion; had not a young Gentleman of Learning and Taste waked my paternal Sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the Tomb, where it had lain two whole Years; but also to new model the Plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular Tragedy, confined within the Unities of the Drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the Hands of a Gentleman who had wrote for the Stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young Nobleman, since deceased, who,
in

P R E F A C E.

in the most generous Manner, charged himself with the Care of introducing it to the Publick; and, in the mean time, honour'd me with his own Remarks, in Conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his Lordship to the new Manager of Drury-lane Theatre. It was about the latter End of the Season, when this candid Personage, to whom I owe many Obligations for the Exercises of Patience he has set me, received the Performance, which, some Weeks after, he returned, assuring my Friend, that he was pre-engaged to another Author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing Winter, he would bring it on.—In the Interim, my noble Patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious Manager next Season, instead of fulfilling his own Promise and my Expectation, gratified the Town with the Production of a Player, the Fate of which every Body knows.

I shall leave the Reader to make his Reflections on this Event, and proceed to relate the other Particulars of Fortune, that attended my unhappy Issue, which in the succeeding Spring, had the good Luck to acquire the Approbation of an eminent Wit, who proposed a few Amendments, and recommended it to a Person, by whose Influence, I laid my Account with seeing it appear at last, with such Advantage as should make ample Amends for all my Disappointments.

But here too, I reckoned without my Host. The Master of Covent-Garden Theatre, bluntly rejected it, as a Piece altogether unfit for the Stage; even after he had told me, in Presence of another Gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find Fault with any Performance which had gained the good Opinion of the honourable Person who approved and recommended my Play.

Baffled in every Attempt, I renounced all Hopes of its seeing the Light, when a humane Lady of Quality, interposed so urgently in its Behalf, with my worthy Friend the other Manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had Recourse to the old Mystery of Protraction, which he exercised with such Success, that the Season was almost consumed, before he could afford it a Reading.—My Patience being by this Time quite exhausted, I desired a Gentleman, who interested himself in my Concerns, to go and expostulate with the Vaticide: And indeed, this Piece of Friendship he performed with so much Zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous Behaviour, that the sage Politician was enraged at his Reprimand; and in the Mettle of his Wrath, pronounced my Play a wretched Piece, deficient in Language, Sentiment, Character and Plan. My Friend, who was surpris'd at the Hardiness and Severity of this Sentence, asking how he came to change his Opinion, which had been more favourable when the Tragedy was first

P R E F A C E.

first put into his Hands; he answered, that his Opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an Expression in its Favour.

This was an unlucky Assertion—For, the other immediately produced a Letter which I had received from the young Nobleman two Years before, beginning with these Words—

“ Sir, I have received Mr. L——’s Answer; who says, he thinks your Play has indubitable Merit, but has prior Promises to Mr. T——n, as an honest Man, cannot be evaded.”—— And concluding thus; “ As the Manager has promised me the Choice of the Season next Year, if you’ll be advised by me, rest it with me.”

After having made some Remarks suitable to the Occasion, my Friend left him to chew the Cud of Reflection, the Result of which was, a Message to my Patrons, importing, (with many Expressions of Duty) that neither the Circumstances of his Company, nor the advanced Season of the Year, would permit him to obey her Command, but if I would wait till next Winter, and during the Summer, make such Alterations as I had agreed to, at a Conference with some of his principal Performers, he would assuredly put my Play in Rehearsal, and in the mean time give me an Obligation in Writing, for my further Satisfaction.—I would have taken him at his Word, without Hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered Security, that I might not seem to doubt the Influence or Authority of her Ladyship.—The Play (however) was altered and presented to this upright Director, who renounced his Engagement, without the least Scruple, Apology or Reason assigned.—

Thus have I in the most impartial Manner, (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the Conduct of those Playhouse Managers with whom I have had any Concern, relating to my Tragedy: And whatever Disputes have happened between the Actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous Animosities unworthy of the Reader’s Attention.

Had I suffered a Repulse when I first presented my Performance, I should have had Cause to complain of my being excluded from that Avenue to the public Favour, which ought to lie open to all Men of Genius; and how far I deserve that Distinction, I now leave the World to decide; after I have in Justice to my self, declared that my Hopes of Success were not derived from the partial Applause of my own Friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest Enemies know) by the Approbation of Persons of the first Note in the Republic of Taste; whose Countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual Introduction to the Stage.

P R E F A C E.

Be that as it will; I hope the unprejudiced Observer will own, with Indignation and Disdain, that every Disappointment I have endured, was an accumulated Injury; and the whole of my Adversary's Conduct, a Series of the most unjustifiable Equivocation and insolent Absurdity: For, though he may be excusable in refusing a Work of this kind, either on Account of his Ignorance or Discernment; surely, neither the one nor the other can vindicate his Disimulation and Breach of Promise to the Author.

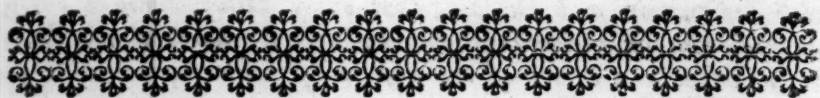
Abuse of Prerogative, in Matters of greater Importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally overlooked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the Situation of Authors, who must either, at once, forego all Opportunities of acquiring Reputation in Dramatic Poetry; or humble themselves so, as to sooth the Pride, and Humour the Petulance of a meer Goth, who by the most preposterous Delegation of Power, may become sole Arbiter of this kind of Writing.

Nay, granting that a Bard is willing to prostitute his Talents so shamefully, perhaps he may never find an Occasion to practice this vile Condescension to Advantage: For, after he has gained Admission to a Patentee, who is often more difficult of Access than a Sovereign Prince, and even made Shift to remove all other Objections; an insurmountable Obstacle may be raised by the Manager's Avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain Expence on an uncertain Issue, when he can fill his Theatre without running any Risk, or disobliging his principal Actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new Parts.—

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, “ if I must entertain the Town with Variety, it is but natural that I should prefer the Productions of my Friends, or of those who have any Friends worth obliging, to the Works of obscure Strangers, who have nothing to recommend them but a doubtful Superiority of Merit, which in all likelihood, will never rise in Judgment against me.”

That such have been the Reflections of Patentees, I believe no Man of Intelligence and Veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the Strength of Interest or Connection with the Stage, some People have commenced Dramatic Authors, who otherwise, would have employed their Faculties in Exercises better adapted to their Capacity.

—After what has been said, any thing by way of Application would be an Insult on the Understanding of the Public, to which I owe and acknowledge the most indelible Obligation, for former Favours as well as for the uncommon Encouragement I have received in the Publication of the following Play.



PERSONS of the DRAMA.

KING of *Scotland.*

ANGUS.

DUNBAR.

RAMSAY.

ATHOL.

STUART.

GRIME.

CATTAN.

QUEEN.

ELEONORA.

Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *A Convent in PERTH.*



THE
REGICIDE:
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in PERTH.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.



UT that my Duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome Office.—Now, when Justice
waves

Her flaming Sword, and loudly claims her
Due,

Thus to arrest her Arm, and offer Terms
Of Peace to Traitors who avow their Crime,
Is to my Apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the Majesty of Kings.—
Why sleeps the wonted Valour of our Prince?

ANGUS.

Not to th' ensanguin'd Field of Death alone
Is Valour limited: She sits serene

B

In

In the deliber'rate Council ; sagely scans
The Source of Action ; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her Glories, from the Feats
Of brutal Force alone,—

—What Frenzy were it
To risk our Fortune on th' unsure Event
Of one Occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeseen Disaster, when the Terms
We proffer may retard th' impending Blow ?
—Better to conquer by Delay : The Rage
Of *Atbol's* fierce Adherents, flush'd with Hope
Of Plunder and Revenge, will soon abate,
And ev'ry Hour bring Succour to our Cause.

DUNBAR.

Well ha'ft thou taught me, how the piercing Eye
Of calm Sagacity, excels the Dint
Of headstrong Resolution.—Yet, my Soul
Pants for a fair Occasion to revenge
My Father's Wrongs on *Atbol's* impious Head !
Yes, *Angus*, while the Blood of *March* revolves
Within my Veins, the Traitor shall not find
His Perfidy forgot——But what of this ?
What are my private Injuries, compar'd
To those he meditates against the State !
Against a Prince with ev'ry Virtue grac'd
That dignifies the Throne, to whom the Ties
Of Kindred and Allegiance could not bind
His faithless Heart : Not ev'n the sacred Bond
Of Friendship unreserv'd !—For well thou know'ft,
The King securely list'ned to his Voice,
As to an Oracle.

ANGUS.

'Twas there indeed
He triumph'd in his Guile !—Th' unwary Prince
Sooth'd by his false Professions, crown'd his Guilt
With boundless Confidence ; and little thought
That very Confidence supply'd his Foe

With

With Means to shake his Throne!—While *Arbol* led
 His royal Kinsman thro' the dang'rous Path
 Of sudden Reformation, and observ'd
 What Murmurs issu'd from the giddy Croud;
 Each popular Commotion he improv'd
 By secret Ministers; and disavow'd
 Those very Measures he himself devised!
 Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious Arts,
 Rebellion glow'd in secret, 'till at length
 His Scheme mature, and all our loyal Thanes
 At their own distant Homes repos'd secure,
 The Flame burst out.—Now from his native Hills,
 With his Accomplice *Grime*, and youthful Heir,
 Impet'ous *Stuart*, like a sounding Storm
 He rushes down with five revolting Clans;
 Displays a spurious Title to the Crown,
 Arraigns the Justice of his Monarch's Sway,
 And by this sudden Torrent, means, no doubt,
 To sweep him from the Throne.

DUNBAR.

Aspiring Villain!

A fit Associate has he chose: A Wretch
 Of Soul more savage breathes not vital Air,
 Than *Grime*:—But *Stuart* 'till of late, maintain'd
 A fairer Fame.

ANGUS.

A cherish'd Hope expires
 In his Dishonour too!—While *Stuart's* Ear
 Was deaf to vicious Counsel, and his Soul
 Remained unshaken, by th' enchanting Lure
 Which vain Ambition spread before his Eye,
 He bloom'd the Pride of *Caledonia's* Youth,
 In Virtue, Valour and external Grace:—
 For thou sole Rival of his Fame, wa'st train'd
 To martial Deeds, in Climes remote.

B 2

DUNBAR.

The REGICIDE:

DUNBAR.

O Thane!

Whatever Wreaths from Danger's Steely Crest
My Sword hath won; whatever Toils sustain'd
Beneath the sultry Noon, and cold, damp Night;
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial Smile
Of Her, who blest'd that happy Rival's Vows
With mutual Love!—Why should I dread to own
The tender Throbbings of my captive Heart!
The melting Passion which has long inspir'd
My Breast for *Eleonora*, and implore
A Parent's Sanction to support my Claim?

ANGUS.

Were she more fair and gentle than she is,
And to my partial Eye, nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair, I would approve thy Claim
To her peculiar Smiles.

DUNBAR.

Then will I strive

With unremitted Ardour, to subdue
Her coy Reluctance; while I scorn the Threats
Of frantic Jealousy that flames unrein'd
In *Stuart's* Breast!—But see! the fair one comes,
In all the Pride of dazz'ling Charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Something of Moment, by a fresh Dispatch
Imparted to the King, requires in Haste
The Presence of my Sire.

ANGUS.

Forbear a while

Thy

A TRAGEDY.

3

Thy Parly with the Foe ; and here attend
Our Consultation's Issue.—

[Exit Angus,

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ill it suits

A Soldier's Tongue, to plead the Cause of Love,
In Phrase adapted to the tender Theme :
But trust me, beauteous Wonder ! when I swear
Not the keen Impulse, and impatient Hope
Of Glory, glowing in the Warrior's Breast,
With more awak'ned Transport, fill'd my Soul
When the fierce Battle rag'd, than *that* I feel
At thy Approach !—My Tongue has oft reveal'd
The Dictates of my Heart ; but thou, averse
With cold Disdain, hast ever chill'd my Hopes,
And scorn'd my proffer'd Vows !—

ELEONORA.

O Youth, beware !

Let not the flow'ry Scenes of Joy and Peace,
That faithless Passion to the View presents,
Ensnare thee into Woe !—Thou little know'st
What Mischiefs lurk in each deceitful Charm ;
What Grievs attend on Love.—

DUNBAR.

Keen are the Pangs

Of hapless Love, and Passion un approv'd :
But where consenting Wishes meet, and Vows
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the Tie,
Joy rolls on Joy, an inexhausted Stream !
And Virtue crowns the sacred Scene with Peace !

B 3

ELEONORA.

The REGICIDE.

ELEONORA.

Illusion all! the Phantoms of a Mind
 That o'er its present Fate repining, Courts
 The vain Resource of Fancy's airy Dreams.—
 War is thy Province.—War be thy Pursuit.—

DUNBAR.

O! thou would tell me, I am Savage all—
 Too much estrang'd to the soft Arts of Life,
 To warm thy Breast!—Yes, War has been my School—
 War's rough Sincerity, unskill'd in Modes
 Of peaceful Commerce—Softened not the less
 To pious Truth, Humanity and Love.

ELEONORA.

Yes:—I were envious to refuse Applause,
 When ev'ry Mouth is open'd in thy Praise.—
 I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
 Distinguish'd by thy Choice; and tho' my Heart
 Denies thee Love, thy Virtues have acquir'd
 Th' Esteem of *Eleonora*.

DUNBAR.

O! thy Words
 Would fire the hoary Hermit's languid Soul
 With Extasies of Pride!—How then shall I,
 Elate with ev'ry vainer Hope, that warms
 Th' aspiring Thought of Youth, thy Praise sustain
 With Moderation?—Cruelly benign!
 Thou hast adorn'd the Victim; but, alas!
 Thou likewise giv'st the Blow!—

Tho' Nature's Hand
 With so much Art has blended ev'ry Grace
 In thy enchanting Form, that ev'ry Eye
 With Transport views thee, and conveys unseen
 The soft Infection to the vanquish'd Soul,
 Yet wilt thou not the gentle Passion own,
 That vindicates thy Sway!—

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

O gilded Curse!
 More fair than rosy Morn, when first she smiles
 O'er the dew-brighten'd Verdure of the Spring!
 But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell,
 Than Syrens, Tempests, and devouring Flame!
 May I ne'er sicken, languish and despair
 Within thy dire Domain!—Listen ye Powers!
 And yield your Sanction to my purpos'd Vow—
 —If e'er my Breast—— [Kneeling.]

DUNBAR.

For ever let me pine
 In secret Misery, divorc'd from Hope!
 But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own Peace
 Perhaps in one rash Moment——

S C E N E IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, HERALD.

HERALD.

——From the Tower
 That fronts the Hills, due North, a moving Host
 Is now descry'd: And from the southern Gate
 A Cloud of Dust is seen to roll, the Gleam
 Of burnish'd Arms, oft thro' the dusky Sphere
 Salutes the dazzled Eye;—a loyal Band
 With valiant *Ramsay*, from the Banks of *Tweed*,
 That hastens to our Aid.—The first, suppos'd
 The rebel Train of *Athol*.—By Command
 Of *Angus*, I attend thee, to demand
 An Audience of the Foe.

DUNBAR.

I follow straight.

[Exit Herald.]

Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
 Inspires the gen'rous Aim of chaste Desire,
 My Soul contemplates and adores in thee!
 Yet will I not with vain Complainings, vex
 Thy gentle Nature.—My unblemish'd Love
 Shall plead in my Behalf. [Exit Dunbar.]

S C E N E V.

ELEONORA.

Adieu brave Youth!

Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless Pains!
 And why, alas! am I the destin'd Wretch
 That must inflict them?—Agonizing Thought!
 I yielded up my fond, believing Heart
 To him who basely left it, for the Charms
 Of treacherous Ambition!—hapless *Stuart*!
 How art thou chang'd! how lost! thy cruel Fate,
 Like a false Harlot, smiles thee into Ruin!

S C E N E VI.

Enter STUART disguised like a Priest.

STUART, ELEONORA,

STUART.

The mighty Schemes of Empire, soar too high
 For your Distinction, Daughter.—Simple Woman
 Is weak in Intellect, as well as Frame,
 And judges often from the partial Voice
 That soothes her Wishes most. [Discovering himself.]

ELEONORA.

Ha, frantic Youth!

What guilty Purpose leads thy daring Steps
 To this forbidden Place?—Art thou not come
 Beneath that sacred Veil, the more to brave
 Th' avenging Hand of Heav'n?

STUART.

A TRAGEDY.

9

STUART.

No—that I tread
The Paths of Danger, where each Bosom pants
With keen Revenge against me, speaks aloud
The Fervour of my Love— My Love misplac'd!
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous Proof
With Anger and Disdain.—

ELEONORA.

Have I not Cause
To drive thee from my Heart?—Hast thou not chac'd
All Faith, and Truth, and Loyalty from thine?
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy Prince?
A Prince! who cherish'd thee with parent Zeal,
With Friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry Day
With bounteous Favour crown'd thy rising Wish!

STUART.

Curse on his Arts!—his Aim was to enslave
Th' aspiring Soul, to stifle and repress
Th' emerging Dictates of my native Right,
To efface the glowing Images within,
Awak'd by Glory, and retain by Fraud
The Sceptre he usurps!

ELEONORA.

Insidious Charge!
As feeble as unjust! for, clear as Day
In Course direct——

STUART.

In idle Argument
Let us not now consume the precious Hour;
The middle Stream is pass'd; and the safe Shore
Invites our dauntless Footsteps—Yonder Sun
That climbs the Noon-tide Arch, already sees
Twelve thousand Vassals, marching in the Train
Of warlike *Atkol*; and before the Shades

Of

The REGICIDE:

Of Ev'ning deepen, *Pertb's* devoted Walls
Will shake before them—E'er the Tempest roars,
I come to snatch thee from th' impending Storm—

ELEONORA.

O impotent of Thought!—O! dead to Shame!
Shall I for pompous Infamy forego
Th' internal Peace that Virtue calls her own!

STUART.

Or, say, thy Love inconstant as the Wave,
Another Object claims.—False—perjur'd Maid!
I mark'd thy Minion, as he charm'd thine Ear
With grov'ling Adulation.—Yes, I saw
Thy Looks, in artful Languishment, disclose
Thy yielding Soul, and heard thy Tongue proclaim
The Praises of *Dunbar*.—

ELEONORA.

Away—away!

I scorn thy mean Suspicion, and renounce
Thy Passion with thy Crimes.—Tho' bred in Camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous and humane;
Possess'd of ev'ry manly Grace, to win
The coyest Virgin's Heart.—

STUART.

Perdition whelm

The prostrate Sycophant!—may Heav'n exhaust
Its Thunder on my Head—may Hell disgorge
Infernal Plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the Caitif, 'till his Blood
Assuage my parch'd Revenge!—perfidious Slave!
To steal between me and my darling Hope!—
The Traitor durst not, had I been—O Vows!
Where is your Obligation?—*Eleonora*!
O lovely Curie! restore me to myself!—

ELE-

A TRAGEDY.

11

ELEONORA.

Rage on fierce Youth, more savage than the Storm
That howls on *Thule's* Shore!—th' unthrifty Maid
Too credulously fond! who gave away
Her Heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
The Woes that from her Indiscretion flow!—
—Yet ev'n my Folly should, with thee, obtain
A fairer Title and a kinder Fate!—

STUART.

Ha! weep'st thou?—witness all ye sacred Pow'rs!
Her Philtres have undone me!—lo, my Wrath
Subsides again to Love!—Enchantress! say,
Why hast thou robb'd me of my Reason thus?

ELEONORA.

Has *Eleonora* robb'd thee!—O recal
Those flatt'ring Arts thy own Deceit employ'd
To wreck my Peace!—recal thy fervent Vows
Of constant Faith—thy Sighs and ardent Looks!
Then whisper to thy Soul, those Vows were false—
Those Sighs unfaithful, and those Looks disguis'd!

STUART.

Thou—thou art chang'd—but *Stuart* still the same!
Ev'n while thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender Wish
Awakes anew, and in my glowing Breast
Unutterable Fondness pants again!—
—Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd
By *Tay's* smooth-gliding Stream, we softly breath'd
Our mutual Passion to the vernal Breeze?

ELEONORA.

Adieu—dear Scenes adieu!—ye fragrant Paths
So courted once!—ye spreading Boughs, that wave
Your Blossoms o'er the Stream!—delightful Shades!
Where the bewitching Music of thy Tongue,
First charm'd my captive Soul!—when gentle Love
Inspir'd

Inspir'd the soothing Tale!—Love—sacred Love
That lighted up his Flame at Virtue's Lamp!—

STUART.

In Time's eternal Round, shall we not hail
Another Season equally serene?—
—To Day, in Snow array'd, stern Winter rules
The ravag'd Plain—Anon the teeming Earth
Unlocks her Stores, and Spring adorns the Year:
And shall not we—while Fate, like Winter, frowns,
Expect revolving Bliss?

ELEONORA.

—Would'st thou return
To Loyalty and me—my faithful Heart
Would welcome thee again!—

ANGUS *Within.*

Guard ev'ry Gate
That none may 'scape—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?
Discover'd and beset?

STUART.

Let *Angus* come—
His short-liv'd Pow'r I scorn—
[*Throws away his Disguise.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS with Guards, STUART, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

What dark Resolve
By gloomy *Athol* plann'd, has hither led
Thy Steps presumptuous?—*Eleonora*, hence.—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I'll brook no Answer— *[Exit Eleonora.]*

— Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious Brand on high,
And scorch the Face of Faith; that ye thus creep
In ruffian Ambush, seeking to perform
The Deed ye dare not trust to open War?

STUART.

Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling Hate
Defrauds my Courage.—Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd Wretch, whose hireling Steel
In secret lifted, reeks with human Gore,
When valiant *Athol* hastens at the Head
Of warlike Thousands, to assert our Cause?

ANGUS.

The Cause of Treason never was confin'd
To Deeds of open War; but still adopts
The Stab of crouching Murder.—Thy Revolt,
The stern Contraction of thy fullen Brow,
And this Disguise, Apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal Errand.—

STUART.

That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from *Angus* might obtain
A fair Interpretation—*Stuart's* Love
Pleads not in mystic Terms; nor are my Vows
To *Eleonora*, cancell'd or unknown.—

Vows

Vows by thyself indulg'd, e'er Envy yet,
 Or Folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
 The Fortunes of our Foe.—Thy foul Reproach
 My Soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud Lord,
 Revenge will have its Turn!—

ANGUS.

Ha! must I bear
 A beardless Traitor's Insults?—'tis not mine
 To wage a fruitless War of Words with thee,
 Vain-glorious Stripling.—While thine Aims were just,
 I seal'd thy Title to my Daughter's Love;
 But now, begrim'd with Treason, as thou art,
 By Heav'n! not Diadems and Thrones shall bribe
 My Approbation!—but the King himself
 Shall judge thy Conduct.—Guards—

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELEONORA, who kneels.

—O! let me thus
 Implore Compassion, at a Parent's Knees,
 Who ne'r refus'd —

ANGUS.

—Convey him hence.—

[*Stuart is led off.*

—Arise—

Remember, *Eleonora*, from what Source
 Thine Origin is drawn.—Thy Mother's Soul
 In Purity excell'd the snowy Fleece
 That cloaths our northern Hills!—her youthful Charms,
 Her artless Blush, her Look severely sweet,
 Her Dignity of Mien and Smiles of Love
 Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too
 Her Honour's Heiress—

[*Exit Angus.*

SCENE

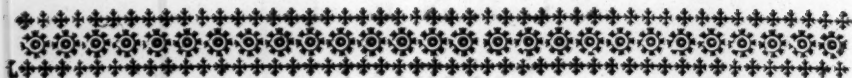
SCENE IX.

ELEONORA.

—Yes—I will adhere

To this ill-omen'd Honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd Joys to its austere Decree;
And vindicate the Glories of my Race,
At the sad Price of Peace!—If *Atbol's* Arms
(Which Heav'n avert!) to Treason add Success;
My Father's Death will join his Sov'reign's Fall!
And if the Cause of Royalty prevail,
Each languid Hope with *Stuart* must expire!—
From Thought to Thought, perplex'd, in vain I stray,
To pining Anguish doom'd, and fell Dismay!

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II. S C E N E *Continues.*

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BY Heav'n it glads me, that my Sword shall find
 An ample Field to Day.—The King arrous'd,
 Chafes like a Lion in the Toils betray'd ?

ANGUS.

I mark'd his Indignation, as it rose
 At *Atbol's* proud Reply, from calm Concern,
 To anxious Tumult, menacing Disdain,
 And overboiling Wrath.—But say, my Friend,
 How move the Rebels?—Are their Ranks dispos'd
 By military Skill?—Or come they on
 In undistinguish'd Crouds?—

DUNBAR.

In Concourse rude

They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike
 With Sword and Target.—On their first Assault
 (Fearless indeed and headlong!) all their Hopes
 Of Conquest, must depend.—If we, unbroke,
 Sustain their Onset; little skill'd in War,
 To wheel, to rally and renew the Charge,
 Confusion, Havock and Dismay will seize
 Th' astonish'd Rout.—

ANGUS.

What Numbers bring they on ?

DUNBAR.

Ten thousand, as I guess.—

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Ours scarce amount
 To half the Number : Yet, with those, we mean,
 To hazard an Encounter.—Thou, mean while,
 Shalt visit ev'ry Passage, sound th' Alarm,
 And man the City-Walls.—Here I attend
 The King—and lo ! he comes.— [Exit Dunbar.

S C E N E II.

KING, ANGUS.

KING.

—The Commonweal
 Has been consulted.—Tenderness and Zeal
 Became the Parent.—Those have nought avail'd.—
 Now, let Correction speak the King incens'd !

ANGUS.

Not without Cause, my Liege, shall dread Rebuke
 Attend your royal Wrath.—What Reign shall 'scape
 Rebellion's Curse, when your paternal Sway
 Has hatch'd the baneful Pest ?

KING.

Let Heaven decide
 Between me and my Foes.—That I would spare
 The guiltless Blood which must our Quarrel dye,
 No other Proof requires, than my Advance
 To Reconcilement—opposite perhaps
 To my own Dignity.—But I will rise
 In Vengeance mighty ! and dispel the Clouds
 That have bedimm'd my State.

ANGUS.

The Odds are great
 Between the Numbers : But our Cause is just :
 Our Soldiers regularly train'd to War,

C

And

And not a Breast among us, entertains
A Doubt of Victory.

KING.

O valiant Thane !
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found !
Thy penetrating Eye, and active Zeal
First brought this foul Conspiracy to Light ;
And now thy faithful Vassals, first appear
In Arms for my Defence !—Thy Recompence
My Love shall study.

ANGUS.

Blotted be my Name
From Honour's Records, when I stand aloof,
Regardless of the Danger that surrounds
The Fortunes of my Prince !

KING.

I know thee well.—
Mean time, our Care must be, to obviate
With Circumspection and preventive Skill,
Their Numbers.—In unequal Conflict joins
Th' unwieldy Spear that loads the Borderer,
With the broad Targe and expeditious Sword :
The loyal Band that from the Hills of *Lorn*
Arriv'd, shall in our Front advance, and stand
With Targe to Targe, and Blade to Blade oppos'd :
The Spears extended form the second Line,
And our light Archers hover to and fro,
To gall their Flanks.—Whatever Accident
In Battle shall befall, thy Vigilance
Will remedy.—Myself will here remain
To guard the Town, and with a small Reserve,
(If Need requires) thine Exigence supply.

ANGUS.

With Joy, the glorious Task I undertake ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

A TRAGEDY.

19

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

They halt, and occupy the narrow Pass
Form'd by the River and th' impending Hill;
With Purpose (as I deem) to charge our Host
On the small Plain that skirts the Town.—

DUNBAR.

'Tis well.—

Thus hemm'd, their useless Numbers will involve
Themselves in Tumult, to our Arms secure
An easy Conquest, and retard their Flight.—
To *Angus* hie thee straight with this Advice.—
My Task perform'd, I wait the King's Command
In this appointed Place.— [Exit Ramsay.]

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

ELEONORA.

I fought thee, Youth.—

Ere yet this dreadful Crisis shall decide
The public Fate, let us to private Woe
Devote one Moment!—Tell me, brave *Dunbar*,
Wilt thou not, from the Hurry of the Day,
One Moment snatch to hear me, and condole
The Anguish of my Soul?—

DUNBAR.

O *Eleonora*!

Sooner shall the parch'd Traveller refuse
The gelid Fountain, than my raptur'd Soul
The Music of thy Tongue!—What Grief profanes
Thy spotless Bosom?—happy! far above

The Pride of Conquerors, were I to ease
Thy Sorrow's Pangs !—

ELEONORA.

Thy gen'rous Heart alone
Can brook the Enterprize—

DUNBAR.

O! task my Love ;
That I more swift than Gales that sweep the Plain,
May fly to thy Relief!

ELEONORA.

Then summon up
Those elevated Thoughts, that lift the Soul
To Virtue's highest Pinnacle ; the Boon
My Misery demands, will crave them all !—

DUNBAR.

Be it to brave the Menaces of Death
In Shape however horrid, so my Faith
And Love remain inviolate, my Heart
Beats with unusual Ardor ; and demands
The Test, impatient !—

ELEONORA.

Friendless and forlorn,
In Fetters *Stuart* lies !—

DUNBAR.

Ha !

ELEONORA.

From the Snares
Of gloomy Fate release him.—

DUNBAR.

Cruel Maid !—
Nay, let me call thee barbarous ! in spite

A TRAGEDY.

21

Of Adoration.—Could thy Mind suggest
No forward Slave, to set thy Lover free,
But a despairing Rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impassion'd Soul of Man, to execute
A Deed so fatal to its own Repose!

ELEONORA,

I fought not—witness ye celestial Powers!
To aggravate thy Pain—my Mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in silent Woe, nor could unload
Her Burden to another.—Thou alone,
Hast won my fair Opinion and my Trust;
And to thy Word indebted, Honour claims
Th' Engagement all her own.—

DUNBAR.

Yet, with Reserve
Was that impawn'd: My Loyalty and Love
Were sacred ev'n from that: Nor can I loose
His Chains, without an Injury to Both!—

ELEONORA.

Cold—un aspiring is the Love that dwells
With tim'rous Caution; and the Breast untouch'd
By Glory's Godlike Fervour, that retains
The Scruples of Discretion.—Let the Winds
That have dispers'd thy Promise, snatch thy Vows!—

DUNBAR.

Shall I, thro' rash Enthusiasm, wed
Eternal Anguish?—Shall I burst asunder
The Bonds of awful Justice, to preserve
The Serpent that has poison'd all my Peace!—
No, *Eleonora*!—b'lasted be——

ELEONORA.

Take heed!
Nor by an Oath precipitate, involve
Thy Fate beyond Resource: For know, *Dunbar*,

The Love of *Stuart*, with his Guilt abjur'd,
 This Morn, my solemn Vow to Heav'n appeal'd,
 Hath sever'd us for ever.—

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm still !—
 Still as the gentle Calm, when the hush'd Wave
 No longer foams before the rapid Storm !—
 Let the young Traitor perish, and his Name
 In dark Oblivion rot.—

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas !
 Supinely savage, from my Ears exclude
 The Cries of youthful Woe ?—of Woe intail'd
 By me too !—If my Heart denies him Love,
 My Pity, sure, may flow !—Has he not Griefs
 That wake ev'n thy Compassion ?—Say, *Dunbar*,
 Unmov'd could'st thou survey th' unhappy Youth
 (Whom but this Morn beheld in Pride of Hope
 And Pow'r magnificent !) stretch'd on the Ground
 Of a damp Dungeon, groaning with Despair !
 With not one Friend his Sorrows to divide,
 And cheer his lone Distress ?—

DUNBAR.

Can I resist
 So fair a Motive, and so sweet a Tongue !
 When thy soft Heart with kind Compassion glows,
 Shall I the tender Sentiment repress ?—
 No !—let me rather hail the social Pang ;
 And ev'ry selfish Appetite subdu'd,
 Indulge a Flame so gen'rous and humane !—
 —Away with each Emotion that suggests
 A Rival favour'd and a Traitor freed !
 My Love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own
 Reflection's narrow Limits !—Yes, my Fair,
 This Hour he shall be free.— [Exit *Dunbar*.

S C E N E

Thou shalt be answer'd.—

STUART.

When the Battle joins!—
—Away, Dissembler!—Sooner would'st thou beard
The Lion in his Rage, than fairly meet
My Valour on the Plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou, [Throne!
That I should dread thy Threats?—By Heav'n's high
I'll meet thee in a Defart, to thy Teeth
Proclaim thy Treachery, and with my Sword
Explore thy faithless Heart!—Meanwhile, my Steps
Shall guide thee to the Field. [*Stuart is unchained, and
presented with a Sword.*

STUART.

No!—Lightning blast me,
If I become thy Debtor, proud *Dunbar*!
Thy nauseous Benefits, shall not enslave
My freeborn Will.—Here, Captive as I am,
Thy lavish'd Obligation shall not buy
My Friendship!—No! nor stifle my Revenge!

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
To court thy Love or deprecate thy Hate:—
What I have proffer'd, other Motives urg'd.—
The Gift is *Eleonora's*.—

STUART.

Sacred Powers!
Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd
My Soul's full Fury!—In the Blood that warms
Thine Heart, Perfidious, I will flake mine Ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my Conduct, insolent of Heart!

What

The Love of *Stuart*, with his Guilt abjur'd,
 This Morn, my solemn Vow to Heav'n appeal'd,
 Hath sever'd us for ever.—

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm still !—
 Still as the gentle Calm, when the hush'd Wave
 No longer foams before the rapid Storm !—
 Let the young Traitor perish, and his Name
 In dark Oblivion rot.—

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas !
 Supinely savage, from my Ears exclude
 The Cries of youthful Woe ?—of Woe intail'd
 By me too !—If my Heart denies him Love,
 My Pity, sure, may flow !—Has he not Grievs
 That wake ev'n thy Compassion ?—Say, *Dunbar*,
 Unmov'd could'st thou survey th' unhappy Youth
 (Whom but this Morn beheld in Pride of Hope
 And Pow'r magnificent !) stretch'd on the Ground
 Of a damp Dungeon, groaning with Despair !
 With not one Friend his Sorrows to divide,
 And cheer his lone Distress ?—

DUNBAR.

Can I resist
 So fair a Motive, and so sweet a Tongue !
 When thy soft Heart with kind Compassion glows,
 Shall I the tender Sentiment repress ?—
 No !—let me rather hail the social Pang ;
 And ev'ry selfish Appetite subdu'd,
 Indulge a Flame so gen'rous and humane !—
 —Away with each Emotion that suggests
 A Rival favour'd and a Traitor freed !
 My Love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own
 Reflection's narrow Limits !—Yes, my Fair,
 This Hour he shall be free.— [Exit Dunbar.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

O wond'rous Power
 Of Love beneficent!—O gen'rous Youth!
 What Recompence (thus bankrupt as I am!)
 Shall speak my grateful Soul!—A poor Return
 Cold Friendship renders to the fervid Hope
 Of fond Desire! and my invidious Fate
 Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,
 With Avarice of Grief, my private Woe;
 When pale with Fear, and harrafs'd with Alarm,
 My royal Mistress, still benign to me,
 The zealous Tender of my Duty claims. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Discovers STUART in Chains.

STUART.

Curse on my headstrong Passion!—I have earn'd
 The Wages of my Folly!—Is it thus
 My faithless Destiny requites my Hope!

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

STUART.

Ha! com'st thou to insult my Chains?—'Twas well
 My unpropitious Dæmon gave me up
 To your Repentment, tamely.—

DUNBAR.

To exult
 Ev'n o'er an Enemy oppress'd, and heap
 Affliction on th' afflicted, is the Mark
 And the mean Triumph of a dastard Soul.—
 'Tis what *Dunbar* disdains.—Perhaps, I come
 To pity, not rejoice at *Stuart's* Fate.—

The REGICIDE:

STUART.

To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n so low!—
 Ha! Recreant!—move thy Pity!—Hell untie
 These slavish Manacles, that I may scourge
 This wretched Arrogant!—

DUNBAR.

True Courage scorns
 To vent her Prowess in a Storm of Words:
 And to the Valiant, Actions speak alone:—
 Then let my Deeds approve me.—I am come
 To give thee instant Freedom.—

STUART.

Mean'st thou Death?—
 I shall be free then.—An apt Minister
 Th' Usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
 His secret Murders.—

DUNBAR.

Why wilt thou belye
 Thy own Intelligence?—Thou know'st, my Sword
 Was ne'er accustom'd to the Bravo's Stab;
 Nor the Designs of Him so falsely stil'd
 Usurper, ever fully'd with a Stain
 Of Cruelty or Guile.—My Purpose is,
 To knock thy Fetters off, conduct thee safe
 Without the City-Confiners, and restore thee
 To Liberty and *Atbol*.—

STUART.

Fawning Coward!
 Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my Chains!
 Impossible!—Thy Fears that I may 'scape,
 Like Vultures gnaw thee!—

DUNBAR.

When the Battle joins,
 Thou

Thou shalt be answer'd.—

STUART.

When the Battle joins!—
—Away, Dissembler!—Sooner would'st thou beard
The Lion in his Rage, than fairly meet
My Valour on the Plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou, [Throne!
That I should dread thy Threats?—By Heav'n's high
I'll meet thee in a Desert, to thy Teeth
Proclaim thy Treachery, and with my Sword
Explore thy faithless Heart!—Meanwhile, my Steps
Shall guide thee to the Field. [*Stuart is unchained, and
presented with a Sword.*

STUART.

No!—Lightning blast me,
If I become thy Debtor, proud *Dunbar*!
Thy nauseous Benefits, shall not enslave
My freeborn Will.—Here, Captive as I am,
Thy lavish'd Obligation shall not buy
My Friendship!—No! nor stifle my Revenge!

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
To court thy Love or deprecate thy Hate:—
What I have proffer'd, other Motives urg'd.—
The Gift is *Eleonora's*.—

STUART.

Sacred Powers!
Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd
My Soul's full Fury!—In the Blood that warms
Thine Heart, Perfidious, I will flake mine Ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my Conduct, insolent of Heart!

What

What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
 That thy foul Tongue its Licence thus avows?
 To boundless Passion subject, as thyself,
 Wild Tumult oft my Reason overwhelms!—
 Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold Wrath
 Transport my Soul, and headlong Ruin, crush
 Thy Pride ev'n here!—

STUART.

In this accursed Place
 Let me be shackled—rivetted with Bolts,
 'Till the Rust gnaw my Carcase to the Bone,
 If my Heart throbs not for the Combat, here!—
 Ev'n here, where thou art, Lord!—Ha! do'st thou shake?
 By Heav'n, thy quiv'ring Lip and haggard Look
 Confess pale Terror and Amaze!—

DUNBAR.

—Away!—
 Away, lewd Railer!—not thy slanderous Throat
 So fruitful of Invectives, shall provoke me
 To wreak unworthy Vengeance on thee, false
 In thy Captivity:—But soon as War
 Shall close th' encountring Hosts, I'll find thee out—
 Assert my Claim to *Eleonora's* Love,
 And tell thee, what thou art.

STUART.

I burn—I rage!
 My fell Revenge consumes me!—But no more—
 Thou shalt not 'scape me—Goaded by my Wrongs,
 I'll hunt thee thro' the various Scenes of Death!—
 Thou shalt be found!—

DUNBAR.

I triumph in that Hope.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Changes.*KING, QUEEN, *attended.*

KING.

Couragious *Angus* shall not be o'erpower'd—
Myself will bring him Aid.—

QUEEN.

Alas! my Prince!

KING.

What means the gentle Part'ner of my Heart?
Dismiss thy Fears.—This Day will dissipate
The Cause of thy Dismay.—Ev'n now, I go
To pluck the Wreath of Victory, and lay
Fresh Laurels in thy Lap.

QUEEN.

Ah! why let in
A Train of harpy Sorrows to my Breast!—
—Ah! why in your own precious Life, expose
Your Kingdom's Safety, and your Consort's Peace!
—Let me restrain you from the Field to Day.—
There is no Fame—no Glory to be won
From a Revolter's Brow.—

KING.

The Public-weal
Commands to arm—Dishonour taint my Name,
When I reject the Call!—

QUEEN,

Ill-omen'd Call!
That like the Raven's Croak, invades my Quiet!
O! would to Heaven, our Minutes smoothly roll'd
In humble Solitude, with meek-ey'd Peace!
Remote from Royalty, and all the Cares
That brood around the Throne!—

KING.

The REGICIDE:

KING.

No, let us scorn
 Unfeeling Ease, and private Bliss forego,
 When public Misery implores our Aid.—
 What Dignity of Transport feels the Prince,
 Who, from the Fangs of fierce oppressive Power,
 A People rescues?

QUEEN.

What a dreadful Host
 Of Dangers 'circle him!

KING.

Disease confers
 The Stamp of Value upon Health; and Glory
 Is the fair Child of Peril.—Thou thyself
 My Conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy Mind
 Its native Calm regains, and Reason sways
 Uncheck'd by Fear.—Secure 'till my Return
 Remain within, and ev'ry Thought indulge
 Foreboding my Success.—

QUEEN

Adieu—Adieu!
 Heav'n crown your Valour with a happy Wreath.
 [Exit Queen.]

KING, to an Attendant.

Swift, hie thee to *Dunbar*, and bid him lead
 The chosen Citizens—

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.

KING attended, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

O fatal Chance!
 The Traitor *Grime*, with a selected Band, (While

(While *Angus*, press'd on every Side, sustains
Th' unequal Fight) a secret Path pursu'd
Around the Hills, and pouring all at once,
Surpriz'd the eastern Gate!—the Citizens
With Consternation smote, before his Arms
In Rout disorder'd fly!—

KING.

Ha! then the Wheel
Of Fate full Circle rolls to crush me down!
Nor leaves one Pause for Conduct!—Yet I'll bear
My Fortunes like a King—Haste and collect
The scattered Parties—Let us not submit
'Ere yet subdu'd—To Arms. [Drawing.

RAMSAY.

Alas my Prince!
The Convent is beset—Hark! while we speak
The Gates are burst—Behold—

KING.

We must prevent
The Pangs of ling'ring Misery, and fall
With Honour, as we lived—

SCENE X.

KING *attended*, RAMSAY. GRIME *with Followers*
bursting in.

KING.

What bold Contempt
Of Majesty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private Scenes?

GRIME.

The Hour is fled,
That saw thy wanton Tyranny impose
The galling Yoke—Yes, I am come to wrest
The prostituted Sceptre from thy Hand, And

And drag thee fetter'd to the royal Throne
Of *Walter*, whom I serve.

KING.

Outragious Wretch!
Grown old in Treachery! whose Soul untam'd,
No Mercy softens, and no Laws restrain!
Thy Life thrice forfeited, my Pity thrice
From Justice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found
Still turbulent—a rugged Rebel still,
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!—

GRIME.

That I yet breathe
This ambient Air, and tread this Earth at will,
Not to thy Mercy but thy Dread I owe.—
Wrong'd as I was—my old Possessions rest
By thy rapacious Power, my Limbs enchain'd
Within a loathsome Dungeon, and my Name
Thy loud Reproach thro' all the groaning Land;
Thou durst not shed my Blood!—the purple Stream
Had swell'd—a Tide of Vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud Oppressor.—

KING.

Traitor to thy Prince,
And Foe perverse to Truth!—how full thy Crimes,
Thy Doom how just—my Pardon how humane,
Thy conscious Malice knows—But let me not
Degrade my Name, and vindicate to thee
The Justice of my Reign.

GRIME.

Vain were th' Attempt
With Artifice of Words, to sooth my Rage,
More deaf to Mercy, than the famish'd Wolf
That tears the bleating Kid!—My starv'd Revenge
Thy Blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee then:
Or sink beneath mine Arm.

KING.

KING.

Heav'n shall not see
 A Deed so abject vilify my Name—
 While yet I wield this Sword, and the warm Blood
 Still streams within my Veins ; my Courage foars
 Superior to a Ruffian's Threats.—

GRIME.

Fall on,
 And hew them Piece-meal.

*[King, Ramsay, and Attendants drive off
 Grime and his Followers ; but are after-
 wards overpowered and disarmed.]*

GRIME.

Wilt thou yet maintain
 Thy Dignity of Words ?—Where are thy Slaves,
 Thy Subjects, Guards and Thunder of thy Throne,
 Reduc'd Ufurper ?—Guard these Captives hence.
[Exeunt King, Ramsay, &c. guarded.]

S C E N E XI.

Enter a SOLDIER to GRIME.

SOLDIER.

A Troop of Horsemen have possessed the Gate
 By which we gain'd the City.—

GRIME.

Blast them Hell !
 We must retreat another Way, and leave
 Our Aim unfinish'd !—Our victorious Swords
 At least shall guard the Treasure they have won.
 When the fierce Parent-Lion bites our Chain,
 His Whelps forlorn, an easy Prey remain.

E N D of the SECOND A C T.



ACT. III. SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, CAPTAIN.

QUEEN.

WHAT from the Battlements hast thou descry'd?

CAPTAIN.

Nothing distinct, my Queen—Involv'd in Clouds
Impervious to the View, the Battle long
Continu'd doubtful, 'midst the mingling Sounds
Of Trumpets, neighing Steeds, tumultuous Shouts
Of fierce Assailants, doleful Cries of Death,
And clatt'ring Armour; 'till at length, the Noise
In distant Murmurs dy'd.—O'er all the Plain,
Now a dread Stillness reigns!

QUEEN.

Then all is lost!—

Why pauses Ruin, and suspends the Stroke!—
Is it to lengthen out Affliction's Term,
And feed productive Woe!—Where shall the Groans
Of Innocence deserted find Redress!
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n?—Already Heav'n
Its Pity and Protection has withdrawn!
Earth yield me Refuge then!—give me to lie
Within thy cheerless Bosom!—there, put off
Th' uneasy Robe of Being—there, lay down
The Load of my Distress!

ELEONORA.

Alas! my Queen,
What Consolation can the Wretched bring!
How shall I from my own Despair, collect

Affuasive

Affwafive Balm?—Within my lonely Breast
Mute Sorrow and Despondence long have dwelt!
And while my Sire, perhaps, this Instant, bleeds,
The dim, exhausted Fountains of my Grief,
Can scarce afford a Tear!

QUEEN.

O Luxury

Of mutual Ill!—Let us enjoy the Feast!
To Groan re-echo Groan, in concert raise
Our Lamentation; and when Sorrow swells
Too big for Utterance, the silent Streams
Shall flow in common!—When the silent Streams
Forbear to flow, the Voice again shall wail!
O my lost Lord!—O save him—save him Powers!

ELEONORA.

Is there no gentle Remedy, to sooth
The Soul's Disorder; lull the jarring Thoughts,
And with fair Images amuse the Mind?
—Come smiling Hope—divine Illusion! come
In all thy Pride of Triumph o'er the Pangs
Of Misery and Pain!

QUEEN.

Low—low indeed,

Have our Misfortunes plung'd us; when no Gleam
Of wand'ring Hope, how vain soe'er or false,
Our Invocation flatters!—When—O when
Will Death deliver me!—Shall I not rest
Within the peaceful Tomb, where I may sleep
In calm Oblivion, and forget the Wrecks
Of stormy Life!—No Sounds disturb the Grave,
Of murder'd Husbands!—Or the dismal Scream
Of Infants perishing.—Ha! whether leads
Imagination!—Must ye perish then,
Ye tender Blossoms!—Must the lofty Oak
That gave you Life, and shelter'd you from Harm,
Yield to the Traitor's Ax!—O Agony

D

Of

The REGICIDE:
Of fond Distraction!

ELEONORA.

Ha!—behold where comes
The warli' e Son of *March*!—What, if he brings
The News of Victory!

QUEEN.

My Soul alarm'd,
With Eagerness and Terror waits her Doom!

S C E N E II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

Say, Youth, how fares the King!

DUNBAR.

Fair Princess, hail!
To you my Duty and my Speed were bent—
Your royal Confort triumphs.

QUEEN.

Lives he then!
Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal Snares
Which had enclos'd him!

DUNBAR.

To their Hills repell'd,
The vanquish'd Rebels curse his conqu'ring Arm—
He bade me fly before him to the Queen;
With the glad Tidings chear her drooping Soul;
And bear his kindest Wishes to the Shrine
Himself will soon adore.

QUEEN.

Will he then come
And wipe the Tear of Sorrow from my Cheek!—
Ah, no!—thy Pity flatters me in vain!

DUN-

DUNBAR.

Let me not dally with my Queen's Distress.—
 What were it, but to lift incumbent Woe,
 That it might fall more grievous.—By the Faith
 Of my Allegiance, hither speeds the King,
 By Love attended, and by Conquest crown'd.

QUEEN.

O welcome Messenger!—How sweetly sounds
 Thy Prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the Morn,
 To the sick Wretch who moan'd the tedious Night,
 Brings balmy Slumber, Ease and Hope and Health!
 O wondrous Destiny!

ELEONORA.

Thus, on my Queen
 May Fortune ever smile.—May Bliss to Bliss
 Succeed, a tranquil Scene!—Say, noble Youth,
 Returns my Sire in Safety from the Field?—

DUNBAR.

Safe as thy fondest filial Wish can form.—
 In War's Variety, mine Eyes have seen
 Variety of Valour and of Skill:
 But such united Excellence of both—
 Such Art to baffle and amuse the Foe;—
 Such Intrepidity to execute
 Repeated Efforts,—never, save in him
 My Observation trac'd!—Our Monarch's Acts
 My feeble Praise would fully and profane.

ELEONORA.

Thy Words, like genial Showers to the parch'd Earth,
 Refresh my languid Soul!—

QUEEN.

The Trumpet swells!
 My Conqueror approaches!—Let me fly

D 2

With

With Extasy of Love into his Arms!—
He comes!—the Victor comes!—

S C E N E III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

KING, *embracing the Queen.*

My better Part!—

My Soul's chief Residence!—my Love! my Queen!
Thou hast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
Ev'n too profusely!

QUEEN.

Celebrate this Hour

Ye Songs of Angels! and ye Sons of Earth,
Keep Festival!—My Monarch is return'd!
I fold him in these Arms!—I hear his Voice—
His Love soft-chiding!—

KING.

O ye Powers benign!

What Words can speak the Rapture of my Soul!
Come to my Breast, where, cherish'd by my Love,
Thy fair Idea rooted, blossoms forth
And twines around my Heart!

QUEEN.

Mysterious Fate!

My Wishes are compleat!—Yet, I must ask
A thousand Things, impertinently fond!
How did you 'scape?—What Angel's Hand, my King,
Preserv'd you from Destruction?

KING.

Heav'n, indeed,

Espous'd my Cause, and sent to my Relief
The Son of *March*, who, with a chosen Few,
Deliver'd me from *Grime*:—Thence to the Field

We

We speeded, and accomplish'd what the Sword
Of *Angus* had well nigh atchiev'd before.

QUEEN, *To Dunbar.*

How shall Acknowledgment enough reward
Thy Worth unparallel'd ?

KING.

Now, by my Throne !
Not my own Issue shall engross me, more
Than thou, heroic Youth !—Th' insulting Foe,
In spite of fresh Supplies, with Slaughter driven
To the steep Hills that bound the Plain, have sent
An Herald, in their Turn, to sue for Peace.—
An Audience have I promis'd.—Ere the Hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the Bath
Refresh my weary'd Limbs.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Attendants.*]

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Renown, to Day
Has lavish'd all her Honours on thy Head.

DUNBAR.

What boots it, that my Fortune decks me thus
With unsubstantial Plumes ; when my Heart groans
Beneath the gay Caparison, and Love
With unrequited Passion wounds my Soul !

ELEONORA.

Is unpropitious Love unknown to me ?
To me for ever doom'd (alas !) to nurse
The slow-consuming Fire.—

DUNBAR.

Heav'ns !—what are all

D 3

The

The boasted Charms, that with such wond'rous Power
 Attach thee to my Rival?—Far from me
 Be the vain Arrogance of Pride, to vaunt
 Excelling Talents; yet I fain would learn,
 On what admir'd Accomplishment of *Stuart*,
 Thy Preference is fix'd.—

ELEONORA.

Alas! *Dunbar*,

My Judgment, weak and erring as it is,
 Too well discerns on whom I should bestow
 My Love and my Esteem:—But trust me, Youth,
 Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean
 The Mind from darling Habits long indulg'd!
 I know that *Stuart* sinks into Reproach:
 Immers'd in Guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
 By thy superior Merit and Success:
 Yet even this *Stuart*,—for I would not wrong
 Thine Expectation,—still retains a Part
 Of my Compassion—nay, I fear, my Love!—
 Would'st thou, distinguish'd by th' Applause of Kings,
 Disgrace thy Qualities, and brook the Prize
 Of a divided Heart?—

DUNBAR.

No!—witness Heav'n

I love not on such Terms!—Am I then doom'd,
 Unfeeling Maid! for ever, to deplore
 Thy unabating Rigour!—The rude Flint
 Yields to th' incessant Drop; but *Eleonora*,
 Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains—
 Unmov'd by my Complaint!—

ELEONORA.

My Father comes!

Let me, with pious Ravishment, embrace
 His martial Knees, and bless the guardian Power
 That screen'd him in the Battle!

SCENE

SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Rise my Child,
 Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild
 As the soft Breeze that fanns the Summer-Eve!—
 Such Innocence endearing, gently stole
 Into my youthful Bosom, and awak'd
 Loves tender Languishment, when to my View
 Thy Mother first display'd her Virgin Bloom!
 [Turning to Dunbar.
 Come to my Arms *Dunbar*!—To shield from Death
 A Parent, is the venerable Act
 Of the most pious Duty.—Thus adopted,
 Henceforward be my Son!—The rebel Chiefs
 Secure in my Safe-conduct, wait without
 The promis'd Audience.—To the King repair,
 And signify their Presence.— [Exit Dunbar.

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Eleonora,

Behold th' undaunted Youth, who slept between
 The Stroke of Fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,
 And by the Foe surrounded, I had sunk
 A Victim to Barbarity enrag'd;
 If brave *Dunbar*, to his own Peril blind,
 Had not that Instant, to my Rescue sprung.—
 Nay, when that youthful Traitor—by whose Arm
 Releas'd, I know not, headlong rush'd against me;
 My vigilant Deliverer, oppos'd
 The fierce Aggressor, whose aspiring Crest
 Soon prostrate fell.—

The REGICIDE:

ELEONORA.

Ha! fell!—Is *Stuart* slain?

O! speak my Father.—

ANGUS.

Wherefore this Alarm!

Let me not find thy Bosom entertain
 A Sentiment unworthy of thy Name!—
 The gen'rous Victor gave him back his Life;
 And cry'd aloud, "This Sacrifice I make
 "For *Eleonora's* Love."—

ELEONORA.

O matchless Youth!

His Virtues conquer'd my Esteem, before:
 But now, my grateful Sentiment inflames
 Ev'n to a Sister's Zeal!

ANGUS.

With rigid Power

I would not bridle thy reluctant Thought:
 Yet, let me, with parental Care, commend
 The Passion of *Dunbar*.—

ELEONORA.

A fairer Garb

His Title could not wear:—But when I think
 What Rocks in secret lie—what Tempests rise
 On Love's deceitful Voyage; my timid Soul
 Recoils affrighted, and with Horror shuns
 Th' inviting Calm!—

ANGUS.

Retire, my Child, and weigh

The different Claims.—Here, Glory, Love and Truth
 Implore thy Smiles:—There, Vice with brutal Rage
 Would force thee to his Wishes.—But too long
 I tarry in this Place.—I must attend
 My Sov'reign in his Interview with *Atbol*. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Changes to another Apartment.*

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

What we to Fortune ow'd, our Arms have paid :
 But let us now, the Changeling Pow'r renounce.—
 Unhappy those, who hazard their Designs
 On her without Reserve !—

GRIME.

Our Plan pursu'd
 A Purpose more assur'd :—With Conquest crown'd,
 Our Aim indeed, a fairer Wreath had worn :
 But that deny'd, on Terms of darker Hue
 Our Swords shall force Success !—

ATHOL.

Th' approaching Scene
 Demands our utmost Art ! not with tame Sighs
 To bend before his Throne, and supplicate
 His Clemency, like Slaves ; nor to provoke
 With Pride of Speech, his Anger half appeas'd :
 But with Submission mingle (as we speak)
 A conscious Dignity of Soul, prepar'd
 For all Events.—

GRIME.

Without the City-Walls,
 The Southern Troops encamp'd, already fill
 The festal Bowl, to celebrate the Day.—

ATHOL.

By Heav'n ! their flush'd Intemperance will yield
 Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie,
 With Wine and Sleep o'erwhelm'd ; the Clans that lurk
 Behind th' adjacent Hills, shall in the Dark,
 Approach the Gate when our Associate *Cattan*

Com-

The REGICIDE:

Commands the Guard; then introduc'd by him,
We take, with Ease, Possession of the Town,
And hither move unmark'd.—

GRIME.

Here, if we fail,
May my shrunk Sinew never more unsheath
My well-try'd Dagger; nor my hungry Hate
Enjoy the fav'ry Steam of hostile Gore!

ATHOL.

How my fir'd Soul anticipates the Joy!
I see me seated in the regal Chair,
Enthron'd by *Grime*, the Partner of my Power!—
But this important Enterprize demands
More secret Conference.—The Sword of *Stuart*
Will much avail: But his unpractic'd Youth
To Doubts and Scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last Resolve.—

GRIME.

It shall be mine,
To rouse his Passion to the Pitch requir'd.—
But soft!—who comes?—Ten thousand Curses load
Th' ambitious Stripling!

Enter DUNBAR.

By the King's Command,
I come to guide you to the Throne.

ATHOL.

'Tis well.— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Discovers the KING seated, ANGUS, Attendants.

Enter ATHOL, GRIME, *introduced by* DUNBAR.

KING.

It is not well—it is not well we meet

On

On Terms like these !—I should have found in *Athol*
 A trusty Counsellor and steady Friend :
 And better would it suit thy rev'rend Age,
 Thy Station, Quality, and kindred Blood,
 To hush ill-judging Clamour, and cement
 Divided Factions to my Throne, again,
 Than thus embroil the State.—

ATHOL.

My present Aim
 Is to repair, not widen more, the Breach
 That Discord made between us : This, my Liege,
 Not harsh Reproaches, or severe Rebuke
 Will e'er effectuate :—No—let us rather,
 On Terms which equally become us both,
 Our Int'rests re-unite.

KING.

Hah !—re-unite !
 By Heav'n, thy proud Demeanor more befits
 A Sov'reign than a Subject !—Re-unite !—
 How durst thou sever from thy Faith, old Lord !
 And with an Helmet load that hoary Head
 To wage rebellious War !

ATHOL.

The Sword of *Athol*
 Was never drawn but to redress the Wrongs
 His Country suffer'd.—

KING.

Dar'st thou to my Face,
 Impeach my Conduct, baffled as thou art,
 Ungrateful Traitor ?—Is it thus, thy Guilt
 My Clemency implores ?

ATHOL.

Not yet so low
 Has Fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl

Beneath

Beneath your Footstool :—In our Camp remain
Ten thousand vig'rous Mountaineers, who long
Their Honours to retrieve.—

KING, *rising hastily.*

Swift, hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive Adherents back !—
Away.—Now by the mighty Soul of *Bruce* !
Thou shalt be met.—And if thy savage Clans
Abide us in the Plain, we soon will tread
Rebellion into Dust.—Why move ye not ?
Conduct them to their Camp.—

ATHOL.

Forgive, my Prince,
If on my own Integrity of Heart
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the Wound
Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,
But with your Measures ill-advis'd, I warr'd :
Your sacred Person, Family and Throne
My Purpose still rever'd.—

KING.

O wretched Plea,
To which thy blasted Guilt must have Recourse !
Had thy Design been laudable, thy Tongue
With honest Freedom boldly should have spoke
Thy Discontent.—Ye live not in a Reign
Where Truth, by arbitrary Pow'r depress'd,
Dares not maintain her State.—I charge thee, say
What lawless Measures has my Pow'r pursu'd ?

ATHOL.

I come, to mitigate your royal Wrath
With Sorrow and Submission ; not to sum
The Motives which compell'd me to the Field.—

KING.

I found your miserable State reduc'd

To

To Ruin and Despair :—Your Cities drench'd
 In mutual Slaughter, desolate your Plains :
 All Order banish'd, and all Arts decay'd :—
 No Industry, save what with Hands impure
 Distress'd the Commonwealth :—No Laws in Force,
 To screen the Poor and check the guilty great ;
 While squalid Famine join'd her Sister Fiend
 Devouring Pestilence, to curse the Scene !—
 I came,—I toil'd,—reform'd,—redress'd the whole :
 And lo, my Recompence !—But I relapse.—
 What is your Suit ?

ATHOL.

We sue (my Liege) for Peace.—

KING.

Say, that my Lenity should grant your Prayer,
 How, for the future, shall I rest assur'd
 Of your Allegiance ?

ATHOL.

Stuart shall be left
 The Pledge of our Behaviour.—

KING.

And your Arms
 Ere Noon to Morrow, shall be yielded up.

ATHOL.

This too, shall be perform'd.—

KING.

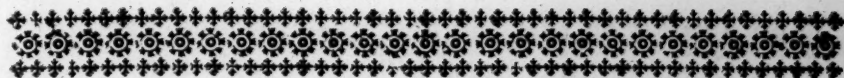
Then mark me Thane.—
 Because the Loins, from whence my Father sprung,
 On thee too Life bestow'd ; enjoy the Gift.—
 I pardon what is past.—In Peace consume
 The Winter of thy Days.—But, if ye light
 Th' extinguish'd Brand again, and brave my Throne
 With new Commotions :—By th' eternal Power !

No

No future Guile, Submission, or Regard
Shall check my Indignation!—I will pour
My Vengeance in full Volley; and the Earth
Shall dread to yield you Succour or Resource!
Of this, no more.—Thy Kinsman shall remain
With us, an Hostage of thy promis'd Faith.—
So shall our Mercy with our Prudence join,
United brighten, and securely shine.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

STUART.

THIS Solitude but more foments Despair!
 Recals—compares—and to th' incessant Pangs
 Of Spite, Revenge, and Shame condemns my Soul!—
 O! what a miserable Slave am I!—
 Precipitated from the tow'ring Hope
 Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' Abyfs
 Of mutt'ring Horror, curs'd from Thought to Thought!
 —Hah Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal Power!
 Her hissing Snakes arrouse—her Torch inflames
 My madd'ning Soul!—Yes,—if he thus permits
 My Feet to range at will; my 'vengeful Hand
 Will soon requite him.— [Enter Grime.

S C E N E II.

STUART, GRIME.

GRIME.

Wherefore thus alone?

Thy noble Kinsman, who now parted hence,
 Observes a fullen Cloud o'erhang thy Brow.—
 Since from the Dungeon to his Wish restor'd,
 A mute Aversion to his Love, secludes
 Thy lonely Steps—

STUART.

Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd
 The Cause accurs'd!—ha, from the Dungeon freed!—
 And freed by whom!—there's Poison in the Thought!
 —Am I not Hostage of my Uncle's Shame?—

GRIME.

Hath singled for Destruction!—

GRIME.

He shall die!—

STUART.

Yes, he shall die!—He shall be flea'd—impal'd!
And his torn Bowels thrown to Beasts of Prey!—
My savage Hate shall on his Tortures feed!
I will have Vengeance!

GRIME.

Would'st thou have it full,
Include his Patrons.—

STUART.

Ha!—What—shall my Arm
Unsheath the secret Steel!

GRIME.

Yes.—Strike at once,
For Liberty, Ambition and Revenge.—
Let the proud Tyrant yield his haughty Soul:
And all his Offspring swell the sanguine Stream.
Let *Angus* perish too.—

STUART.

O wond'rous Plan
Of unrestrain'd Barbarity!—It suits
The Horrors of my Bosom!—All!—What all?
In slaughter'd Heaps.—The Progeny and Sire!—
To sluice them in th' unguarded Hour of Rest!—
Infernal Sacrifice!—dire—ev'n too dire
For my Despair!—To me what have they done
To merit such Returns?—No, my Revenge
Demands the Blood of one, and he shall fall.—

GRIME.

It shall suffice—*Dunbar* shall bleed alone.—

E

But

But let us seize him on the Verge of Bliss;
 When the fond Maid's enkind'ling Looks confess
 The Flames of bashful Love: When eager Joy,
 And modest Fear, by Turns exalt the Blush
 To a more fervid Glow.—When *Eleonora*
 Unfolds Elysium to his raptur'd View,
 And smiles him to her Arms.—

STUART.

Hah!—Light'ning scorch
 Thy Tongue, Blasphemer!—Sooner may this Globe
 Be hurl'd to the profound Abyss of Hell!—
 But vain are Words.—This is no Place—remember,
 He shall not triumph thus!—Thou hast bely'd him—
 He means it not.—Nor will the Syren smile—
 No, *Grime*,—she dares not smile him to her Arms!

GRIME.

Reproach, or mute Disgust, is the Reward
 Of candid Friendship, that disdains to hide
 Unpalatable Truth!—I tell thee, Youth,
 Betroth'd by *Angus* to *Dunbar*, she yields
 Her plighted Faith, this Hour.—But see!—the Maid
 Moves hitherward alone!—

STUART.

Haste,—leave me, *Grime*!
 My Soul is up in Arms!—my Vengeance boils!
 Love, Jealousy, implacable Despair
 In Tempests wheel.—

GRIME.

Thou shalt not tarry here!—
 Thy frantic Rage may rashly overturn
 Our whole Design!—

STUART.

Let me not urge again
 Thy swift Departure!—hence—I come anon.—

[Exit *Grime*.]

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA,

STUART.

When last we parted, Love had reconcil'd
 Our mutual Jealousies ; and breath'd anew
 The Soul of Harmony within our Breasts.—
 Hast thou not, since that Period, entertain'd
 One adverse Thought to Constancy and me ?

ELEONORA.

Say, who invested thee with Pow'r supreme
 O'er *Eleonora's* Conduct ; that thou com'st
 With frowning Aspect, thus, to judge my Fame ?—
 Hast thou not forfeited all Claim to me ?
 Have I not seen thee stray from Honour's Path ?
 And shall my Love be to the Breast confin'd,
 Where Treason in her darkest Hue presides !—
 No !—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
 From my abhorrent Thoughts !—

STUART.

Not all this Pride
 Of mimic Virtue—not th' assembled Host
 Of female Wiles, how exquisite foe'er,
 Shall shelter thee, Deceiver !—What new Stain
 Defiles my Bosom, since the Morning saw
 Thy Tenderness o'erflow ; and heard thy Tongue
 Seduce me to thy faithless Arms, again ?

ELEONORA.

Is this the Testimony of thy Love ?
 This thy asserted Honour ! to revile
 Defenceless Innocence ?—But this will aid
 My Duty, to forget thee.—Do'st thou ask
 What recent Outrage has estrang'd my Heart ?—
 There needed none.—The Measure of thy Guilt

Was full enough before.—Yet thou hast heap'd
 Offences to Excess: In Battle fought
 Against thy King; and fought, with lifted Arm,
 My Father's Life—ungrateful as thou art!
 Know then, the Honour of my Name forbids
 Our Fates to join; and it shall ne'er be said,
 That *Eleonora*, lost to Glory, took
 A Traitor to her Bed!—

STUART.

Perfidious Witch!
 Thy Charms shall not avail thee; for I come
 Th' avenging Minister of broken Faith!
 To claim the promis'd Fruitage of my Love—
 Or—mark me—punish, with thy guilty Blood,
 Thy Perjury and Fraud!—

ELEONORA.

Wilt thou attempt
 To gain by Menaces, what the soft Sigh
 Of plaintive Anguish, would implore in vain?
 Here strike—and let thy ruthless Poignard drink
 The Blood of *Douglas*, which has often flow'd
 In Virtue's Cause; and ev'ry Soil enrich'd,
 From wintry *Scania* to the sacred Vale
 Where *Lebanon* exalts his lofty Brow.—

STUART.

Egregious Sorc'refs!—give me back my Peace—
 Bid Yesterday return, that saw my Youth
 Adorn'd in all its Splendor, and elate
 With gen'rous Pride and Dignity of Soul!—
 Ere yet thy Spells had discompos'd my Brain,
 Unstrung my Arm, and laid me in the Dust,
 Beneath a Rival's Feet!—

ELEONORA.

Hear all ye Powers!
 He claims of me, what his own conscious Guilt

Hath

Hath robb'd him of.—And do'st thou look for Peace
In my afflicted Bosom?—There, indeed,
Thine Image dwells with Solitude and Care,
Amid the Devastation thou hast made ! [Weeps.

STUART.

O Crocodile !—Curse on these faithless Drops
Which fall, but to ensnare !—Thy specious Words
Shall sooner lull the founding Surge, than check
The Fury that impels me !—Yet—by Heav'n,
Thou art divinely fair ! and thy Distress
With magic Softness ev'ry Charm improves !—
Wer't thou not false as Hell, not Paradise
Could more Perfection boast !—O ! let me turn
My fainting Eyes from thy resistless Face ;
And from my Sense exclude the soothing Sound
Of thy enchanting Tongue !—Yet—yet renounce
Thine Infidelity—To thine Embrace
Receive this Wanderer—this Wretch forlorn !—
Speak Peace to his distracted Soul ; and ease
The Tortures of his Bosom !—

ELEONORA.

Hapless Youth !

My Heart bleeds for thee !—careless of her own,
Bleeds o'er thy Sorrows !—'mid the flinty Rocks
My tender Feet would tread, to bring thee Balm :
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless Snow !—
O ! could my Death recall thy banish'd Quiet !
Here would I kneel, a Suppliant to Heav'n,
In thy Behalf ; and offer to the Grave
The Price of thy Repose !—Alas ! I fear
Our Days of Pleasure are for ever past !

STUART.

O thou hast Joy and Horror in thy Gift !
And sway'st my Soul at Will !—blest'd in thy Love,
The Memory of Sorrow and Disgrace,
That preys upon my Youth, would soon forsake

My raptur'd Thought, and Hell should plot in vain,
To sever us again!—O! let me clasp thee,
Thou Charm ineffable!

ELEONORA.

Forbear, fond Youth,
Our unrelenting Destiny hath rais'd
Eternal Bars between us!

STUART.

Ha!—what Bars?

ELEONORA.

A Sacrifice demanded by my Sire—
A Vow—

STUART.

Perdition!—Say what Vow, rash Maid!

ELEONORA.

A fatal Vow! that blasts our mutual Love—

STUART.

Infernal Vipers gnaw thy Heart!—A Vow!—
A Vow that to my Rival gives thee up!—
Shall he then trample on my Soul at last.—
Mock my Revenge and laugh at my Despair!
Ha!—shall he rifle all thy Sweets, at Will,
And riot in the Transports due to me?
Th' accursed Image whirls around my Brain!—
He pants with Rapture!—Horror to my Soul!
He surfeits on Delight!—

ELEONORA.

O gentle Heav'n!
Let thy soft Mercy on his Soul descend
In Dews of Peace!—Why roll with fiery Gleam
Thy starting Eye-Balls?—Why on thy pale Cheek
Trembles fell Rage!—and why sustains thy Frame

This

This univerfal Shock?—Is it, alas!
That I have fworn, I never will be thine?—
True, this I fwore—

STUART.

Hah!—never to be mine!

Th' awaken'd Hurricane begins to rage!—
Be Witnefs, Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell! ſhe means
To glad the Boſom of my Foe!—Come then
Infernal Vengeance! aid me to perform
A Deed that Fiends themſelves will weep to ſee! [*Draws.*
Thus, let me blaſt his full-bloom'd—

Enter DUNBAR, who interpoſes.

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ruffian, hold

Thy deſp'rate Hand!—What Fury 'ſcap'd from Hell,
Inſpires thy Rage to wanton in the Blood
Of ſuch excelling Goodneſs?—

STUART.

Infamy

Like mine, deface the Glories of thy Name!
What buſy Dæmon ſent thee hither, now,
My Vengeance to defeat?—The Hour is come—
The Hour is come at laſt, that muſt decide
For ever our Pretenſions!

DUNBAR.

Whatſoe'er

Thy Hate could meditate againſt my Life,
My Nature might forgive: But this Attempt
Divelts my Soul of Mercy—

STUART.

Guide my Point
Ye Pow'rs of Darkneſs, to my Rival's Heart,
Then take me to yourſelves. [*They fight.*]

ELEONORA.

Reſtrain—reſtrain
Your mutual Frenzy!—Horror!—help—behold—
Behold this miſerable Boſom!—plunge
Your Poignards here; and in its fatal Source
Your Enmity affuage!—

STUART *falling.*

It will not be—
Thy Fortune hath eclips'd me: And the Shades
Of Death environ me.—Yet, what is Death
When Honour brings it, but th' eternal Seal
Of Glory, never—never to be broke!—
O thou haſt ſlain me in a dreadful Hour!
My Vengeance fruſtrated—my Proſpect curs'd
With thy approaching Nuptials! and my Soul
Diſmiſs'd in all her—*Eleonora!*—Oh! [*Dies.*]

S C E N E V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ah! wherefore doſt thou wring thy tender Hands
In woeful Attitude?—ah! wherefore liſt
Thy ſtreaming Eyes to Heav'n; while the deep Groan
Dilates thy lab'ring Breſt?

ELEONORA.

This is too much—
This is too much to bear!—thou haſt deſtroy'd
My laſt Remains of Peace!

DUN-

DUNBAR.

And, was thy Peace
Deposited in him?—In him who rais'd
His impious Hand to kill thee!—Is it well
To mourn his Fall, and thus accuse the Blow
That rescu'd thee from Death?

ELEONORA.

I blame not thee,
No, Heav'n forbid!—I blame not my Protector—
Yet thy Protection has undone me quite!
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the Hour—
Th' ill-omen'd Hour, that on thy Sword conferr'd
Such terrible Success—How pale appear
These clay-cold Cheeks where Grace and Vigour glow'd!
O dismal Spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that Ambition which was late so proud!—
Did he not call me with his latest Breath!—
He would have said—but cruel Fate controul'd
His fault'ring Tongue!—He would have said, “For thee,
“For thee false Maid, I perish undeplor'd!”
O! had'st thou known how obstinately true
My Heart remained to thee, when thy own Guilt,
My Duty, and thy Rival's Worth, conspir'd
To banish thee from thence; thy parting Soul
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
My persecuted Truth!

DUNBAR.

O turn thine Eyes
From the sad Object!—Turn thy melting Thoughts
From the disastrous Theme, and look on me—
On me who would with Exstasy resign
This wretched Being, to be thus embalm'd
With *Eleonora's* Tears!—Were I to fall,
Thy Pity would not thus lament my Fate!

ELE-

ELEONORA.

Thy Death, such Lamentation would not move,
 More envy'd than bemoan'd ;—thy Memory
 Would still be cherish'd , and thy Name survive
 To latest Ages, in immortal Bloom.—
 Ah, 'tis not so with him !—He leaves behind
 No dear Remembrance of unfully'd Fame !
 No Monument of Glory, to defy
 The Storms of Time !—Nought but Reproach and Shame !
 Nought, but perpetual Slander, brooding o'er
 His Reputation lost !—O fearful Scene
 Of dire Existence, that must never close !

S C E N E VI.

ANGUS *entring*, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, *Attendants*.

ANGUS.

What Sound of femal Woe——Ha ! *Stuart* slain !
 Alas ! I fear thou art the fatal Cause ! [*To Eleonora.*]

ELEONORA.

Too well my Father has divin'd the Cause
 Of their unhappy Strife !—Wherefore, ye Powers !
 Am I to Misery deliver'd up !
 What kindred Crime (alas !) am I decreed
 To expiate, that Misfortunes fall so thick
 On my poor Head !

ANGUS *to Dunbar*.

How durst your lawless Rage
 Profane this sacred Place with private Brawl !

DUNBAR.

By Heav'n ! no Place how much soe'er rever'd,
 Shall screen th' Affassin who, like him, would aim
 The murd'rous Steel at *Eleonora's* Breast !

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Ha!—were his Aims so merciless?—Too just
 The Vengeance that o'ertook him!—But th' Event
 With this unstable Juncture ill accords!—
 Remove the Body.—Thou meanwhile retire,
 Thy Presence may awake, or aggravate
 The Rage of *Atbol*. [*The Body is removed.*]

DUNBAR.

Therefore I obey.—

And O thou lovely Mourner! who now droop'st
 Like the spread Rose beneath th' inclement Shower,
 When next we meet, I hope to see thee bloom
 With vernal Freshness, and again unfold
 Thy Beauties to the Sun! [*Exit Dunbar.*]

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Let us, my Child,

Lament with Steadiness, those Ills that flow
 From our Mishap: Yet therefore not ascribe
 To self Demerit, impotently griev'd,
 The Guilt of Accident.—Thou hast enough
 Denoted thy Concern.—Let me not think,
 Thy Sorrow hath espoused a Traitor's Cause.

ELEONORA.

Ah! what avails to me, the hard won Palm
 Of fruitless Virtue?—Will it lull to Rest
 Internal Anguish!—Will it yield me Peace?—

ANGUS.

Thy indiscreet Affliction, shall not plead
 Against thee, with me, now.—Remember this,
 If thou art weak enough to harbour still

A

A guilty Flame; to thy Assistance call
 That noble Pride and Dignity of Scorn,
 Which warms, exalts and purifies the Soul.—
 But I will trust thee to thyself.—Withdraw;
 For *Athol* comes, and on his Visage lours
 A Storm of Wrath. [Exit Eleonora.]

S C E N E VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Are these the fair Effects
 Of our Submission!—These, the promis'd Fruits
 Of Amity restor'd!—To violate
 The Laws of Hospitality—To guide
 The midnight Murderer's inhuman Blow,
 And sacrifice your Guests!

ANGUS.

That *Athol* mourns
 This unforeseen Severity of Fate,
 I marvel not.—My own paternal Sense
 Is wak'd by Sympathy; and I condole
 His interesting Loss.—But thus to tax
 Our blameless Faith with traiterous Design,
 Not with our pure Integrity conforms,
 Nor with thy Duty, Thane.

ATHOL.

Ha!—who art thou,
 That I should bear thy Censure and Reproof?—
 Not Protestation, nor th' affected Air
 Of Sympathy and Candour, shall amuse
 My strong Conception, nor elude the Cry
 Of Justice and Revenge!

ANGUS.

Had Justice crav'd

With

With rigid Voice, the Debt incurr'd by thee,
 How had'st thou far'd?—Say, what has plac'd thy Deeds
 Above my Censure?—Let this Day's Event
 Proclaim how far I merit thy Disdain.—
 That my Humanity is misconceived
 Not much alarms my Wonder: Conscious Fraud
 Still harbours with Suspicion.—Let me tell thee—
 The Fate of *Stuart* was supremely just.
 Th' untimely Stroke his savage Heart prepar'd
 Against the guiltless Breast of *Eleonora*,
 Avenging Heav'n retorted on himself.

ATHOL.

I thought where all thy Probity would end,
 Disguis'd Accomplice!—But remember, Lord,
 Should this blood-spotted Bravo 'scape, secure
 In thy Protection, or th' unjust Extent
 Of regal Pow'r; by all my Wrongs! I'll spread
 Th' Seeds of Vengeance o'er th' affrighted Land,
 And Blood shall answer Blood!

ANGUS.

How far thy Threats
 Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the King!—

S C E N E IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

KING.

Tell me—proud Thanes, why are ye found oppos'd
 In loud Revilings?—You, that should promote
 By fair Example, Unity and Peace!

ATHOL.

Have I not Cause to murmur and complain?
Stuart, the latest Gift and dearest Pledge
 Of Love fraternal, sooth'd my bending Age:
 Him hath the unrelenting Dagger torn

From

From my parental Arms ; and left (alas !)
 This hapless Trunk, to stretch its wither'd Boughs
 To you for Justice !—Justice then I crave.

KING.

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
 How great foe'er the Offender, or the Wrong'd
 Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile :
 Degrades, defiles and should dethrone a King !
 Say freely, Thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
 And were he dear as her who shares our Throne,
 Thou shalt have ample Vengeance.

ATHOL.

Then I charge
 The Son of *March* with Perfidy and Murder.

ANGUS.

Were I with mean Indifference to hear
 Th' envenom'd Tongue of Calumny traduce
 Defenceless Worth, I should but ill deserve
 Your royal Confidence.—*Dunbar* has slain
 The Kinsman of this Thane ; yet fell he not
 By Murder, Cowardice, or foul Design.
 The Sword of *Stuart* was already drawn
 To sacrifice my Daughter, when *Dunbar*,
 By Heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,
 Redeem'd the trembling Victim, and repell'd
 His Rival's Fury on his hapless Head.

ATHOL.

Must I refer me to the partial Voice
 Of an inveterate Foe ?—No, I reject
 The tainted Evidence, and rather claim
 The Combat Proof—Enfeebled are my Limbs
 With Age that creeps along my Nerves unstrung,
 Yet shall the Justice of my Cause recal
 My youthful Vigour, rouse my loitering Blood,
 Swell ev'ry Sinew, strengthen ev'ry Limb,

And

And crown me with Success—Behold my Gage—
I wait for Justice.

KING.

Justice shalt thou have—
Nor shall an equitable Claim depend
On such precarious Issue.—Who shall guard
The Weak from Violence, if brutal Force
May vindicate Oppression.—Truth alone
Shall rule the fair Decision, and thy Wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbyas'd Sway
Shall find a just Avenger.—Let *Dunbar*
Appear when urg'd, and Answer to the Charge. [*To Angus.*
[*Exeunt King, Angus.*

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

Curse on the smooth Dissembler!—Welcome *Grime*.
My Soul is wrought to the sublimest Rage
Of horrible Revenge!—If aught remain'd
Of cautious Scruple, to the scatt'ring Winds
I give the Phantome.—May this Carcase rot,
A loathsome Banquet to the Fowls of Heav'n,
If e'er my Breast admit one Thought to bound
The Progress of my Hate!

GRIME.

What means my Prince?

ATHOL.

Th' unhappy Youth is slain!

GRIME.

Ha!—Hell be prais'd—
He was a peevish Stripling, prone to Change. [*Aside*
—Vain is Condolance.—Let our Swords be swift

To

The REGICIDE:

To fate his hov'ring Shade.—I have conferr'd
With trusty *Cattan*, our Design explain'd,
And his full Aid secur'd—To Night, he rules
The middle Watch.—The Clans already move
In Silence o'er the Plain.

ATHOL.

Come then ye Powers
 That dwell with Night, and patronize Revenge!
 Attend our Invocation, and confirm
 Th' exterminating Blow!—My Boughs are lopt,
 But they will sprout again: My vig'rous Trunk
 Shall flourish from the Wound my Foes have made,
 And yet again, project an awful Shade.

END of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT. V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! this was more than the ill-sorted Train
 Of undetermin'd Fancy!—This convey'd
 No loose imperfect Images: But all
 Was dreadfully distinct! as if the Hand
 Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by those Signs—
 Your guardian Angel dictates.—O my Prince!
 Let not your blind Security disgrace
 The Merit of your Prudence.

KING.

No, my Queen,
 Let us avoid the opposite Extremes
 Of Negligence supine, and prostrate Fear.—
 Already hath our Vigilance perform'd
 What Caution justifies: And for thy Dream;
 As such consider it.—The vain Effect
 Of an Imagination long disturb'd.—
 Life with substantial Ills, enough is curs'd:
 Why should we then, with frantic Zeal, pursue
 Unreal Care; and with th' illusive Form
 Which our own teeming Brain produc'd, affright
 Our Reason from her Throne?

QUEEN.

In all your Course
 Of youthful Glory, when the guiding Hand
 Of warlike *Henry* led you to the Field;
 When my Soul suffer'd the successive Pangs
 Of fond Impatience and repressive Fear:
 When ev'ry reeking Messenger from *France*,

F

Wreath'd

Wreath'd a new Garland for *Albania's* Prince,
 And shook my Bosom with the dreadful Tale
 That spoke your Praise; say, did my weak Despair
 Recal you from the Race?—Did not my Heart
 Espouse your Fame, and patiently await
 The End of your Career?—O! by the Joys
 I felt at your Return, when smiling Love
 Secure, with Rapture reign'd.—O! by these Tears,
 Which seldom plead; indulge my boding Soul!
 Arrouse your conqu'ring Troops; let *Angus* guard
 The Convent with a chosen Band.—The Soul
 Of Treason is abroad!—

KING.

Ye ruling Powers!
 Let me not wield the Sceptre of this Realm,
 When my degen'rate Breast becomes the Haunt
 Of haggard Fear.—O! what a Wretch is he,
 Whose fev'rous Life devoted to the gloom
 Of Superstition, feels th' incessant Throb
 Of ghastly Pannic!—In whose startled Ear
 The Knell still deepens, and the Raven croaks!

QUEEN.

Vain be my Terrors—my Presages vain—
 Yet with my fond Anxiety comply,
 And my Repose restore!—Not for myself—
 Not to prolong the Season of my Life,
 Am I thus suppliant.—Ah no! for you—
 For you whose Being gladdens and protects
 A grateful People.—You, whose parent Boughs
 Defends your tender Offspring from the Blasts
 That soon would tear them up!—For you, the Source
 Of all our Happiness and Peace, I fear! [Kneels.

KING.

Arise, my Queen—O! thou art all compos'd
 Of melting Piety and tender Love!
 Thou shalt be satisfy'd.—Is ev'ry Guard

By

A TRAGEDY.

67

By *Angus* visited?—

DUNBAR.

Ev'n now, my Liege,
With *Ramsay* and his Troop, he scours the Plain.

KING.

Still watchful o'er his Charge.—The lib'ral Hand
Of Bounty will have nothing to bestow,
'Ere *Angus* cease to merit!—Say, *Dunbar*,
Who rules the nightly Watch?

DUNBAR.

To *Cattan's* Care
The City Guard is subject.

KING.

I have mark'd
Much Valour in him.—Hie thee to him, Youth,
And bid him with a chosen few, surround
The Cloisters of the Convent; and remain
'Till Morn full streaming shall relieve his Watch.
[Exit *Dunbar*.
Thus shall Repose, with glad Assurance, wait
Its balmy Blessing to thy troubled Breast. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

GRIME.

Thus far, brave *Cattan*, Fortune seems inclin'd
To recompense us for the Day's Disgrace.—
Our Band conceal'd within the Cloisters, wait
With Eagerness and Joy the auspicious Hour,
To perpetrate the Deed.—It now remains,
To regulate our Conduct, and to each
His Share of this great Enterprize assign.—
If *Angus* lives, in vain our Arms devote

The Usurper and his Progeny to Death :
His Power and Principles will still supply
Fresh Obstacles, which all our future Efforts
Can ne'er surmount.

CATTAN.

Then let our Swords prevent
All further Opposition, and at once
Dismiss him to the Shades.

GRIME.

Thine be the Task—
I know with what just Indignation burns
Thy gen'rous Hate, against the partial Thane,
Who, to thine Age and Services, preferr'd
A raw unpractis'd Stripling.

CATTAN.

Ha!—no more.
The bare Remembrance tortures me!—O *Grime* !
How will my Soul his mortal Groans enjoy !

GRIME.

While we within perform th' intrepid Blow,
To his Apartment thou shalt move alone ;
Nor will Pretence be wanting : Say, thou bring'st
Intelligence important, that demands
His instant Ear :—Then shalt thou find thy Foe
Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my Tongue
Instruct thee further ?

CATTAN.

No,—let my Revenge
Suggest what follows—By the Pow'rs of Hell !
I will be drunk with Vengeance !

GRIME.

To thy Guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch 'till he returns

With

With *Ramsay* from the Plain.—But see! they come,
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment.*

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

ANGUS.

By Heav'n, it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The dusky Plain, by the Fires half extinct,
Are seen the foldiers, roll'd in Heaps confus'd,
The Slaves of brutal Appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy Discipline, scarce one remains
From the Contagion free.

RAMSAY.

When we return'd
Fatigu'd from Battle, Numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the Town:
Thence, the Temptation spread from Rank to Rank,
And few resisted.

ANGUS

But that I consult
My King's Tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted Citizens with an Alarm,
An hundred Trumpets should this instant, raise
Their brazen Throats together, and arouse
Th' extended Sluggards.—Go, my valiant Friend,
And with thy uninfected Troop attend
To ev'ry Motion of th' incertain Night. [*Exit Ramsay.*

SCENE IV.

ANGUS.

Now, the loud Tempest of the toilful Day
Subsides into a Calm.—And yet my Soul
Still labours thro' the Storm!—By Day or Night,
In florid Youth, or mellow Age, scarce fleets

One Hour without its Care!—Not Sleep itself
Is ever balmy; for the shadowy Dream
Oft bears substantial Woe!

S C E N E V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

CATTAN.

My noble Lord,
Within the Portal as I kept my Watch,
Swift gliding Shadows by the glimm'ring Moon,
I could perceive in Forms of armed Men,
Possess the Space that borders on the Porch—
I question'd thrice; they yielded no Reply:
And now the Soldiers, rang'd in close Array,
Wait your Command.

ANGUS.

Quick, lead me to the Place—
Foul Treason is at work!—

CATTAN.

It were not good
To venture forth unarm'd.—Couragious Thane,
Receive this Dagger.— [*Attempts to stab Angus, who
wrests the Dagger from him,
and kills him.*]

ANGUS.

Ha, perfidious Slave!
What means this base Attempt?—Thou shalt not 'scape.

CATTAN.

Curse on my feeble Arm that fail'd to strike
The Poignard to thy Heart!—How like a Dog
I tamely fall despis'd!

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Fell Ruffian! say,
Who set thee on?—This Treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to some dreadful Scene!—

CATTAN.

Just are thy Terrors.—By the infernal Gulph
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the Abyss with Joy, could the Success
Of *Atbol* feast my Sense!

[*A Noise of clashing Swords and Shreiks.*

—Hah!—now the Sword
Of Slaughter smoaks!—Th' exulting Thane surveys
Th' imperial Scene; while grimly smiling *Grime*
With purple Honours deck'd.——

ANGUS.

Tremend'ous Powers!

CATTAN.

O'er the faln Tyrant strides——

[*Dies.*

ANGUS.

Heav'n sheild us all!
Amazing Horror chills me!—Ha, *Dunbar*!
Then Treason triumphs!—O my Son! my Son!

S C E N E VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR *wounded.*

DUNBAR.

I fought thee, noble Thane, while yet my Limbs
Obey their Lord.—I fought thee, to unfold
My zealous Soul, 'ere yet she takes her Flight.—
Stretch'd on the Ground, these Eyes beheld the King
Transfix'd a lifeless Coarse! And saw this Arm
Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—

F 4

ANGUS

ANGUS.

Weep *Caledonia*, weep!—thy Peace is slain—
 Thy Father and thy King!—O! this Event,
 Like a vast Mountain, loads my staggering Soul,
 And crushes all her Pow'rs!—But say, my Friend,
 If yet thy Strength permits, how this befall.

DUNBAR.

A Band of Rebels, glean'd from the Defeat,
 By *Athol*, lurk'd behind the adjacent Hills:
 These, faithless *Cattan*, favour'd by the Night,
 Admitted to the City, join'd their Power
 With his corrupted Guard, and hither led them
 Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
 Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain.
 To the sad Scene 'ere I could force my Way,
 Our Monarch was no more! Around him lay
 An Heap of Traitors, whom his single Arm
 Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy Queen,
 Who, to defend her Consort's, had oppos'd
 Her own defenceless Frame, expiring, pour'd
 Her mingling Blood in copious Stream with his!

ANGUS.

Illustrious Victims!—O disastrous Fate!
 Unfeeling Monsters! Execrable Fiends!
 To wanton thus in royal Blood!

DUNBAR.

O Thane!

How shall I speak the Sequel of my Tale!
 How will thy fond parental Heart be rent
 With mortal Anguish, when my Tongue relates
 The Fate of *Eleonora*!

ANGUS.

Ha!—my Fears

Anticipate thy Words!—O say, *Dunbar*,
 How fares my Child!

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

The Shades of endless Night
 Now settle o'er her Eyes!—heroic Maid!
 She to th' assaulted Threshold bravely ran,
 And with her snowy Arm, supply'd a Bolt
 To bar their Entrance:—But the barb'rous Crew
 Broke in impet'ous, crush'd her slender Limb,
 When *Grime*, his Dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,
 Behold the Sorc'refs whose accursed Charms
 Betray'd the Youth; and whose invet'rate Sire
 This Day revers'd our Fortune in the Field!—
 This for Revenge!—then plung'd it in her Breast!—

ANGUS.

Infernal Homicide!

DUNBAR.

There—there I own
 He vanquish'd me indeed!—What tho' I rush'd
 Thro' many a Wound, and in th' Affassin's Heart
 Imbrew'd my faithful Steel.—But see, where comes
 By her Attendants led, the bleeding Fair!

S C E N E VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA *wounded and supported.*

ELEONORA.

Here set me down—vain is your kind Concern.—
 Ah! who, with parent Tendernefs, will blefs
 My parting Soul, and close my beamless Eyes!
 Ah! who defend me, and with pious Care
 To the cold Grave commit my pale Remains! [*Swoons.*]

ANGUS.

O Misery!—look up—thy Father calls—[*Embracing her.*]

ELE-

ELEONORA.

What Angel borrows that paternal Voice!
 Ha! lives my Father!—Ye propitious Powers!
 He folds me in his Arms—Yes, he survives
 The Havock of this Night!—O let me now
 Yield up my fervent Soul with raptur'd Praise!
 For *Angus* lives t' avenge his murder'd Prince,
 To save his Country, and protract his Blaze
 Of Glory, farther still!

ANGUS.

And is it thus,
 The melting Parent clasps his darling Child!
 My Heart is torn with agonizing Pangs
 Of complicated Woe!

DUNBAR.

The Public craves
 Immediate Aid from thee—But I wax weak.—
 Our Infant King surrounded in the Fort,
 Demands thy present Help.—

ANGUS.

Yes, loyal Youth!
 Thy glorious Wounds instruct me, what I owe
 To my young Sov'reign, and my Country's Peace!
 But how shall I sustain the rav'nous Tribe
 Of various Grievs, that gnaw me all at once?
 My royal Master falls, my Country groans,
 And cruel Fate has ravish'd from my Side
 My dearest Daughter and my best lov'd Friend!

DUNBAR.

Thy Praise shall be thy Daughter; and thy Friend
 Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honest Breast.

ANGUS.

Must we then part for ever!—What a Plan

Of

Of peaceful Happiness, my Hope had laid
 In thee and her!—alas! thou fading Flower,
 How fast thy Sweets consume!—come to my Arms,
 That I may taste them e're they fleet away!

[*Embracing her.*]

O exquisite Distress!—

ELEONORA.

For me, my Father,
 For me let not the bootless Tear distil.—
 Soon shall I be with those, who rest secure
 From all th' Inclemencies of stormy Life.

ANGUS.

Adieu, my Children!—never shall I hear
 Thy cheering Voice again!—a long Farewell!

[*Exit Angus.*]

SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Soon shall our short'ned Race of Life be run.—
 Our Day already hastens to its Close;
 And Night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch
 The Land of Peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
 The tossing Wave from which I shall be free:
 No Rest will greet me on the silent Shore,
 If *Eleonora* sends me hence unblest'd.

ELEONORA.

Distemper'd Passion (when we parted last)
 Usurp'd my troubled Bosom, and *Dunbar*
 With Horror was beheld: But Reason now
 With genial Mildness beams upon my Soul,
 And represents thee justly, as thou art,
 The tend'rest Lover and the gentlest Friend.

DUN-

DUNBAR.

O Transport, to my Breast unknown before !
 Not the soft Breeze, upon its fragrant Wings,
 Wafts such refreshing Gladness to the Heart
 Of panting Pilgrims, as thy balmy Words
 To my exhausted Spirits !—but alas !
 Thy purple Stream of Life forsakes, apace,
 Its precious Channels !—on thy polish'd Cheek
 The blowing Roses fade ; and o'er thine Eyes
 Death sheds a misty Languor !

ELEONORA.

Let me lean
 Upon thy friendly Arm—Yet, O retire !
 That guilty Arm !—Say, did it ne'er rebel
 Against my Peace ?—But let me not revolve
 Those Sorrows now.—Were Heav'n again to raise
 That once lov'd Head that lies (alas) so low !
 And from the Vèrge of Death my Life recal ;
 What Joy could visit my forlorn Estate,
 Self-doom'd to hopeless Woe !

DUNBAR.

Must I then wander
 A pensive Shade, along the dreary Vale,
 And groan for ever under thy Reproach !

ELEONORA.

Ah no ! thou faithful Youth, shall I repay
 Thy Love and Virtue with ungrateful Hate ?
 These Wounds that waste so lavishly thy Life,
 Were they not all receiv'd in my Defence ?
 May no Repose embrace me in the Tomb,
 If my Soul mourns not thy untimely Fall
 With Sister-Woe !—thy Passion has not reap'd
 The sweet Returns its Purity deserv'd.

DUNBAR.

A while forbear, pale Minister of Fate,

For-

Forbear a while; and on my ravish'd Ear
 Let the last Music of this dying Swan,
 Steal in soft Blandishment, divinely sweet!
 Then strike th' unerring Blow.—

ELEONORA.

That thus, our Hopes
 Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry Spring,
 Are nipp'd untimely, ere the Sun of Joy
 Matur'd them into Fruit; repine not, Youth.—
 Life hath its various Seasons, as the Year;
 And after clust'ring Autumn—but I faint—
 Support me nearer—in rich Harvest's Rear
 Bleak Winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
 The leaden Hand of Death lie heavy on me.—
 Thine Image swims before my straining Eye.—
 —And now it disappears.—Speak—bid Adieu
 To the lost *Eleonora*.—Not a Word!
 —Not one Farewell!—Alas! that dismal Groan
 Is eloquent Distress!—Celestial Powers
 Protect my Father, show'r upon his—Oh!

[Dies.]

DUNBAR.

There fled the purest Soul that ever dwelt
 In mortal Clay!—I come my Love! I come—
 Where now the rosy Tincture of these Lips!
 The Smile that Grace ineffable diffus'd!
 The Glance that smote the Soul with silent Wonder!
 The Voice that sooth'd the Anguish of Disease,
 And held Attention Captive!—Let me kiss
 This pale deserted Temple of my Joy!
 This, Chastity, this, thy unspotted Shade
 Will not refuse.—I feel the grievous King—
 Thro' all my Veins he shivers like the North—
 O *Eleonora*! as my flowing Blood
 Is mix'd with thine.—So may our mingling Souls
 To Bliss supernal wing our happy—Oh!

[Dies.]

S C E N E

S C E N E the Last.

ANGUS, RAMSAY. ATHOL, &c. *Prisoners.*

ANGUS.

Bright Deeds of Glory hath thine Arm atchiev'd,
 Couragious *Ramsay*; and thy Name shall live
 For ever in the Annals of Renown.—

—But see, where silent as the Noon of Night
 These Lovers lie!—rest—rest ill-fated Pair!
 Your dear Remembrance shall for ever dwell
 Within the Breast of *Angus*; and his Love
 Oft with paternal Tears bedew your Tomb!

RAMSAY.

O fatal Scene of Innocence destroy'd!

ANGUS, *To* Athol.

O bloody Author of this Night's Mishap!
 Whose impious Hands are with the sacred Blood
 Of Majesty distain'd!—Contemplate here
 The Havock of thy Crimes; and then bethink thee,
 What Vengeance craves.—

ATHOL.

With Insolence of Speech
 How dares thy Tongue licentious, thus insult
 Thy Sov'reign, *Angus*?—Madly hath thy Zeal
 Espous'd a sinking Cause.—But thou may'st still
 Deserve my future Favour.—

ANGUS.

O thou Stain
 Of fair Nobility!—thou Bane of Faith!
 Thou Woman-killing Coward, who hast crept
 To the unguarded Throne, and stabb'd thy Prince!
 What hath thy Treason, blasted as it is,
 To bribe the Soul of *Angus* to thy Views?

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Soon shalt thou rue th' Indignity now thrown
 On me thy lawful Prince.—Yes, talking Lord,
 The Day will soon appear, when I shall rise
 In Majesty and Terror, to assert
 My Country's Freedom; and at last, avenge
 My own peculiar Wrongs.—When thou, and all
 Those grov'ling Sycophants, who bow'd the Knee
 To the Usurper's arbitrary Sway,
 Will fawn on me.—Ye temporizing Slaves!
 Uncrown your King; and teach your humble Mouths
 To kiss the Dust beneath my royal Feet.—

[To the Guard.

ANGUS.

The Day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice
 Return, before thy Carcase be cast forth
 Unbury'd, to the Dogs and Beasts of Prey.—
 Or, high-exalted, putrify in Air
 The Monument of Treason.—

ATHOL.

Empty Threat!
 Fate hath foretold that *Athol* shall be crown'd.

ANGUS.

Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou shalt be crown'd—
 An Iron Crown, intensely hot, shall gird
 Thy hoary Temples; while the shouting Crowd
 Acclaims thee King of Traitors.

ATHOL.

Lakes of Fire!—

Ha! said'st thou Lord!—a glowing Iron Crown
 Shall gird my hoary Temples!—Now I feel
 Myself awake to Misery and Shame!
 Ye Sceptres, Diadems and rolling Trains
 Of flatt'ring Pomp, farewell!—Curse on those Dreams
 Of

Of idle Superstition, that ensnare
 Th' ambitious Soul to Wickedness and Woe!
 Curse on thy Virtue, which hath overthrown
 My elevated Hopes! and may Despair
 Descend in Pestilence on all Mankind!

ANGUS.

Thy Curse just Heav'n retorts upon thyself!
 To sep'rate Dungeons lead the Regicides.—

[Exit Guard with the Prisoners.]

From Thirst of Rule what dire Disasters flow!
 How flames that Guilt Ambition taught to glow!
 Wish gains on Wish, Desire surmounts Desire;
 Hope fanns the Blaze, and Envy feeds the Fire:
 From Crime to Crime aspires the madd'ning Soul;
 Nor Laws, nor Oaths, nor Fears its Rage controul;
 'Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
 And levels all its tow'ring Schemes in Dust!

F I N I S.

